

Ed by abel & Thomas

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZ GERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

5CB 6217

Division

Section



WITH

APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

DESIGNED

AS AN AID TO DEVOTION

IN FAMILIES, SOCIAL CIRCLES, AND MEETINGS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

EIGHTH EDITION.

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—St. Paul.

PHILADELPHIA:
GIHON, FAIRCHILD & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS.
No. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET.

1844.

Stereotyped by J. Fagan Philadelphia.

The sentiment of the hymn should always determine the style of execution in the music. Singing is but speaking with greater modulations of voice—and as in speaking, so in singing,—the movement should be faster, or slower—the expression exulting or pathetic, and the tone louder or softer, according to the nature of the theme.

And since the corresponding words in the several stanzas of a hymn, seldom properly admit of the same expression, it is manifest that the musical marks of piano, forte, and the like, are of little service, excepting in music to which words have been expressly adapted—as in Anthems. For this reason, I have omitted all such marks, saving in a few instances. He who understands and feels the sentiment, will cause sense and sound to correspond, if he possess but ordinary knowledge of music and a tolerable voice,—while he who either does not understand, or, understanding, feels no sympathy with the sentiment expressed, will sing with little profit to others and less to himself, however scientific his execution, or melodious the intonations of his voice. The motto of this volume is full of meaning: "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

I gratefully acknowledge my obligations to Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Boston, editor of the "Songs of Zion;" Rev. Joshua Leavitt, of New York, editor of the "Christian Lyre;" and Lowell Mason, Esq., of Boston, editor of "The Choir,"—for permission to copy music from these publications, respectively. The tunes will be found duly credited—but I feel that I should not do myself justice without inserting this prefatory notice of the favor received. Especially are my acknowledgments due to the gentleman first named for unrestricted permission to copy from his late valuable work.

A. C. T.

INDEX OF HYMNS.

meet be the dear diffting love 100
Blest be the tie that binds 284
Blest Saviour, who didst 68
Blow ye the trumpet, blow 415
Bowed beneath the weight of 336
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed 391
Breathe, Holy Spirit, from above 12
Brethren, beloved for Shiloh's sake 143
Bright was the guiding star 227
By faith may Jesus dwell 307
Cease, ye mourners, cease to 354
Celestial worlds in glory bright 262
Children of the heavenly King 410
Christians, dismiss your fear 322
Christians, hail the happy morning 346
Christ the Lord is risen to-day 402
Clay to clay, and dust to dust 394
Come, blessed Spirit, source of 15
Come, gracious Lord, descend 20
Come, gracious Spirit, come 302 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly 62
Come, Holy Spirit, come 288
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove 161
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord 71
Come, let us join our cheerful 221
Come, Lord, and warm each 168
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays 73
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice 389
Come, sound his praise abroad 296
Come, then, O my soul, meditate 492
Come, thou Almighty King 440
Come, thou Fount of every 342
Come, thou soul-transforming 357
Come, ye disconsolate 520
Come, ye who know and fear 191
Come, ye who love the Lord 292
D
Dear Father, to thy mercy seat 155
Dear Friend of friendless sinners . 499
Dear Lord, we now must part 285
Dear Saviour, thy victorious love 258
Dear Saviour, we are thine 306
Dear Saviour, we meet in thy 574
Descend from heaven, immortal . 57
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord 48
Divinely blest are they*328
The sale and since any double and its stant
Earth and time are darkly smitten *534
Earth with her unnumbered 406
Enduring, Lord, thy mercies are 146
Eternal God, celestial King 52
Eternal God, in whom we live 265

Eternal God of truth above Hymn*531	Great is our redeeming Lord, Hymn 450
Eternal God, we bless thy name 108	Great Shepherd of thy people 247
Eternal Spirit, God of truth 192	Great Source of life, our souls 80
Eternal Source of every joy 119	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah 361
Eternal Source of joys divine 172	, ,
Eternal Source of life and light 225	Hail, great Creator, wise and good 15.
Eternal Source of life and thought 60	Hail, happy day, thou day of 464
Eternal Source of truth and grace 207	Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that 164
Exalt the Lord your God 293	Hail the blest morn! see the 498
	Hail to the Lord's anointed 444
Faith, hope and love now dwell 229	Hallelujah! praise the Lord 396
Far as creation's bounds extend 120	Hark! hark! the notes of joy 413
Far from mortal cares retreating 350	Hark! ten thousand harps and 367
Far from my thoughts, vain world 56	Hark! the chorus of the sky 401
Father of all, whose cares extend 239	Hark! the glad sound; the Saviour 232
Father of lights, we sing thy name 91	Hark! the song of Jubilee 575
Father of mercies, in thy house 88	Hark! the voice of love and 358
Father of mercies, in thy word 216	Hark! 'tis our heavenly leader's 252
For ever blessed be the Lord 253	Hark! 'tis the prophet of the Lord 266
For thee, O God, our constant 118	Hark to the cheering voice*509
	Hark! what celestial notes 478
Fountain of mercy, God of love . 188	
From all that dwell below the skies 54	Harten Lord the glarious time
From all that dwell below 573	Hasten, Lord, the glorious time 409
From every earthly pleasure 452	He dies I the Friend of sinner
From every stormy wind that 115	He dies! the Friend of sinners 30
From Greenland's icy mountains 442	Here in thy house, eternal God 26
From Jesse's root, behold a branch 466	lligh in yonder realms of light 380
From north and south, from east 113	High o'er the earth the great*532
From the holy mount above 386	High o'er the heaven of heavens 533
From worship now thy church 13	Holy, holy, holy Lord 395
G Y O	How charmingly sounds 468
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us 343	How fearful and sad is the 493
Give me, O Lord, a thankful 235	How firm a foundation, ye 485
Give to the Lord immortal praise 5	How glorious the Lord 472
Give us room, that we may dwell 404	How gracious the promise, how 484
Glorious things of thee are spoken 370	How lovely the place where the 541
Glory to God on high 437	How pleasant 'tis to see 323
Glory to the ever-living 353	How pleased and blest was I 324
God has turned my grief to 366	How pleasing is the voice 423
God is Love! his mercy brightens 339	How precious is the book divine 228
God is my strong salvation 578	How precious, Lord, thy holy word 140
God is the refuge of his saints 83	How precious, when first I 554
God of creation, our Father and *514	How rich thy favors, God of grace 208
God of my life, my morning song 256	How sweet the name of Jesus 160
God of our lives, thy various 200	How sweet to the soul is the*529
God of our salvation, hear us 330	How sweet to reflect on the joys 519
God of our salvation, unto thee 546	How vain is all beneath the skies 42
Go, worship at our Saviour's feet 81	How wondrous and great 467
Grace, 'tis a charming sound 300	
Gracious Source of every blessing 337	If clouds arise, and storms appear 576
Great God, and shall thy Spirit 77	If life's pleasures charm thee 504
Great God, attend while Zion 23	I know that my Redeemer lives 126
Great God, let all my tuneful 16	I'll bless Jehovah's glorious 274
Great God of wonders, all thy 133	I long to behold him arrayed 550
Great God, the universal frame 139	I love awhile to steal away 567
Great God, this sacred day of 135	I love the Lord, I love his laws 90
Great God, to thee my evening 25	Indulgent God, whose bounteous 209
Great God, to thee my grateful 223	In duties, and in conflicts too 234
Great God we sing the mighty 86	In every scene of sorrow *556

In God's own house pronounce. H. 153	Lo, what a glorious sight Hymn 177
In the morning of creation*560	Love divine, all love excelling 351
In thee, thou all-sufficient 17	Love is the strongest tie 320
In this world of joy and sorrow 340	
In thy dear name, O Lord 277	May all our powers of mind 441
I see them on their Zion way 503	May the grace of Christ o'erflowing 344
I sing the gospel-day 415	Mediator, Son of God 403
I sing the mighty power of 569	Mercy, O thou Son of David 373
I've searched the sacred volume 565	'Mid darkness and sorrow, 535
I would not live alway 488	Mortals, awake! with angels join 203
I would not live alway 4cc	
	My country! 'tis of thee 430
Jehovah spake! wide chaos 269	My God, eternal is thy love 22
Jesus, at thy command 433	My God, my Father,-blissful 193
Jesus, lover of my soul 383	
	My God, my Life, my love 313
Jesus shall reign where'er 109	My God, the Spring of all my 233
Join all the glorious names 430	My God, thy boundless love I 276
Joined in a union firm and 102	My God, what silken cords 163
Joy to the earth! the Prince of*180	
	My gracious Redeemer I love 548
Joy to the world! for our Lord *502	My Maker and my King 318
Joy to the world! the Lord is 245	My opening eyes, with rapture 103
	My soul, be on thy guard 305
Know, my soul, thy full salvation 334	
Know, my sour, thy lan salvation 354	My soul has often stretched 566
	My soul, repeat his praise 301
Lamp of our feet, whose hallowed 27	My Shepherd will supply my 176
Let all created things 422	11.0.0
Let all the earth their voices 141	Nature, with all her powers, shall 9
Let all who fear the Lord 327	Never leave us, nor forsake us 378
Let earth and heaven agree 429	No change of time shall ever 114
Let everlasting glories crown 49	Not with the outward eye 289
Let every creature join 294	Now begin the heavenly theme 399
Let every mortal ear attend 236	Now be the gospel banner 508
Let party names no more 286	Now, e'en now to thee I yield 447
Let pure devotion rise 321	Now for a tune of lofty praise 94
Let songs of praises fill 201	Now from labor and from care 539
Let us adore the grace that 205	Now to God, in adoration 374
Life but a fleeting vapor is 215	Now to the Lord a noble song 6
Life is a span, a fleeting hour 195	Now to the Lord who built the 102
Lift up to God the voice of 173	Now we are met from different 50
Light of life, seraphic fire 408	The state and the state and the state of the
	O all and I and a dead and all and a dead an
Lo, down, down in you beautiful 534	O all ye lands, in God rejoice 243
Lo, he comes in clouds descending 347	O all ye nations, praise the Lord. 179
Lo, he comes; let us adore him 368	O all ye people, clap your hands 2
Long as I live, all-gracious 3	O all ye ransomed of the Lord 244
Lord, dismiss us hence with 349	
	O bless our God, ye nations round 112
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing 345	O bless the Lord of light, who*184
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see 100	O blest are they who feel the love *231
Lord of life and glory 545	O come, and adore him; come 479
Lord of hosts! how lovely fair 387	O come, let us sing to the Lord 549
Lord of hosts! to thee we raise 398	O come, loud anthems let us sing 1
Lord of the worlds above 414	O come to Mount Zion, the mount 483
Lord, thou hast searched and 117	O come to the garden of grief 491
Lord, thou hast won, at length 271	O could our thoughts and wishes 175
Lord, to us thy word is precious 362	O for a closer walk with God 214
Lord, we come before thee now 320	O for a shout of sacred joy 202
Lord, what our ears have heard 303	O for a sweet, inspiring ray 145
Lord, when my raptured thought. 156	O for a thousand tongues to sing 190
Lord, when together here we 237	Oft by the silent tomb 496
Lord, with glowing heart I'll 356	
	Oft in the stilly night*497
Lo, the Lord, the mighty Saviour. 363	O God of salvation, in mercy 542

O God, our Father and our Hymn 93	Praise, everlasting praise be. Hymn 8
O God, to earth incline 316	Praise the Lord, by whose kind 352
O had I wings like a dove 528	Praise the Lord, who reigns above 449
O happy they who know the Lord. 154	Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore 371
O how happy are they 563	Praise to thee, thou great Creator. 369
O it is not when riches and 555	Praise ye the Lord! around whose 101
O let your mingling voices 273	Praise ye the Lord! be our employ *181
O Lord, accept this sacred hour 260	Praise ye the Lord! be our*570
O Lord of glory, come 436	Praise ye the Lord! exalt his name 104
O Lord our God, whose holy light *572	Praise ye the Lord! let praise 4
O Lord, our Lord, in power 70	Prayer is the contrite sinner's 257
O my soul, behold thy Saviour 333	
O my soul, what means 331	Raise your triumphant songs 317
Once more before we part 458	Redeeming Spirit, O behold 178
Once more, O Lord, let grateful 110	Rejoice, believer, in the Lord 187
One there is above all others 365	Rejoice, the Lord is King, S. M 290
On God the race of man depends 84	Rejoice, the Lord is King, H. M 431
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand 242	Remark, my soul, the narrow 198
On what has now been sown 425	Rise, crowned with light, imperial 462
On Zion's mount we take our 267	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy 448
O praise ye the Lord, extol 471	Rock of Ages cleft for me 540
O praise ye the Lord, prepare a 474	
O praise ye the Lord, prepare your 475	Safely through another week 381
O publish abroad Immanuel's 473	Salvation! Othe joyful sound 211
O render thanks, and bless 248	Saviour, bless thy word to all 405
O Saviour, delight of my soul 547	Saviour, breathe an evening 332
O Saviour, warm each languid 186	Saviour, I my cross have taken 341
O sing to Jehovah, for light 527	Saviour, I thy word believe 446
O sing to the Lord a new song 553	Saviour, our hearts we bring*511
O Thou, at whose almighty 78	Saviour, whom our hearts adore. 451
O Thou, enthroned in worlds above 167	See the lovely, blooming flower 388
O Thou, in whose goodness and *506	Shades of evening, ye have cast 411
O Thou, in whose presence 543	Shine forth, eternal Source of 158
O Thou, to whom in ancient time 134	Shine forth in splendor, holy 127
O Thou, to whose all-searching 96	Shine, gracious Lord, O shine 282
O Thou, to whose celestial light 241	Should pain and sickness o'er 500
O Thou, who driest the mourner's 217	Shout, for the great Redeemer 107
O Thou, who hast at thy command 64	Since all the varying scenes 197
O thou who, in mourning o'er*478	Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord 456
O Thou, whose arm of might 35 O Thou, whose glory fills all 138	Sing to Jehovah's name 297
O Thou, whose light divine 459	Sing to the Lord, ye favored 251
O Thou, whose love o'er scenes*494	Sinners, will you scorn the 376.
O Thou, whose power o'er moving 461	Songs of immortal praise belong. 226
O Thou, whose power the 238	Songs of praise the angels sang 400
Our Father, whose eternal sway. 279	Soon may the glorious song 99
Our God, we bow before thy 82	Sovereign of worlds above 419
Our Saviour knows full well 308	Spirit, leave thy house of clay 393
O where shall rest be found*457	Spirit of beauty, of love and 515
O who shall see the glorious day 558	Spirit of bright, expanded wing 95 Spirit of peace, immortal dove 67
O worship the King, all-glorious . 476	
O why should the hearts of 482	Stars upon the brow of night 510 Swell the loud pæan! be 516
O why should we mourn when 487	Sweet Hope, the balm of 14
O Zion, tune thy voice 427	Sweet is the friendly voice 304
121	Sweet is the work, my God 89
Parent of good! thy works of 278	Sweet is the work, O Lord 312
Peace be to this congregation 355	Sweet, sweet is the cordial 566
Peace, troubled soul! 522	Sweet to the soul the parting 128
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin 384	Sweet the moments, rich in 338
,,,	

III DELLE	AL A MAINING
Sweet the time, exceeding Hymn 407	Thy bounties, Lord, we see II. *513
Direct the time, encouring the june	Thy goodness, Lord, our souls 150
The bird let loose in castern skies 557	Thy grace we adore, Creator 470
The day is past, and toils and 129	Thy gracions aid, great God 255
The glittering heavens refulgent. 116	Thy name, Almighty Lord 309
The glories, Lord, thy works 212	Thy presence, ever-living God 61
The glorious universe around 568	Thy ways, O Lord, with wise 21
The God of Abraham praise 445	'Tis by the faith of joys to come. 36
The God who reigns above 460	To bless the human race 311
The heavens declare thy glory 7	To God who reigns above 326
The hills and dales lift up 142	To praise thy wondrous name 199
The holy spirit sure is nigh 79	To Thee, eternal King 417
The joyful scene before us 453	To Thee, my God and Saviour 443
The light of other days*495	To Thee my heart, eternal King 144
The living waters flow 298	To Thee, O God of Love 329
The Lord is our Shepherd, our 489	To Thee, O my Saviour, to thee *480
The Lord is our Shepherd, no 490	To Thee we raise our grateful 263
The Lord Jehovah reigns, S. P. M. 325	To Thy temple we repair 392
The Lord Jeliovali reigns, H. M 428	To your Creator, God 421
The Lord my pasture shall prepare 122	Triumphant, Lord, thy goodness. 55
The Lord my Shepherd is 283	Triumphant Saviour, how divine. 254
The Lord our God is clothed with 249	zarampitane kurrous, non urrinon soa
The praise of Zion waits for thee 75	Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will 66
The ransomed spirit to her home. 45	Wake, O my soul, and hail the 53
There is a flower, a holy one 218	We bless the Lord, whose tender 47
There is a fountain filled with 165	We come, and here as one in*530
There is a hope, a blessed hope 220	We eat, dear Lord, the broken 194
There is a land of pure delight 240	Weep thou, O mourner! but in *505
There is a land where earthly woe 72	We here record thy matchless 18
There is an hour of peaceful rest 454	Welcome, delightful morn 420
There is a pure and peaceful 37	Welcome, sweet day of rest 310
There is a star, whose gentle ray 132	Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer 377
The rising morn, the closing day 85	We sing the bright and morning 11
There's a friend above all others 537	What are these in bright array 412
The Saviour calls; let every ear 210	What glorious tidings do I hear 264
The Saviour! O what varied 206	What glory gilds the sacred 157
The voice of free grace from the *501	When all creation sings for joy 58
The week is past-its latest ray. 131	When all thy mercies, O my God. 213
The word of redeinption, how*507	When doubts and fears prevailing 98
They are wed—the word is spoken *561	When dread misfortune's 44
This God is the God we adore 551	When gathering clouds around I. 523
This world and its glory, and all 526	When I can read my title clear 230
This world is not a fleeting show 455	When I survey the wondrous cross 33
Tho' travelling thro' a wilderness 577	When I tread the mortal vale 385
Tho' troubles assail, and 517	When Jesus, our Redeemer, came 105
Tho' troubles assail me, and 481	When marshalled on the nightly. 43
Thou art, Almighty Lord of all 136	When our spirits shall soar*518
Thou art gone to the grave 524	When shall we all meet again 538
Thou art, O Lord, the life and 130	When streaming from the eastern 137
Thou art the way; and he who 46	When the news of free salvation.*559 When thro' the torn sail the wild., 562
Thou art the way; to thee alone. 259 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb 170	When verdure robes the fertile 174
Thou God of truth! if we have 10	While God my Father's near 281
Thou great Supreme, thou only 465	While Shepherds watched their 204
Thou sweet-gliding Kedron 486	While Thee I seek, protecting 149
Thou whose Almighty word 438	While with ceaseless course, the 379
Thou whose wide-extended sway *512	Whilst far and wide thy scattered 41
Thro' every age, eternal God 87	Who shall towards thy chosen seat 382
Thus far the Lord has led me on 38	Why do we mourn departing 192

With commingling joy and . Hymn 360 Within thy house, O Lord our God 111	Ye servants of Christ, your 46 Ye servants of the Lord 31
With one consent, let all the 32	Yes, I will extol thee 54
With sacred joy we lift our eyes 171	Ye sons of men, with joy record 10
With transport, Lord, our souls 39	Ye tribes of Adam, join 42
Ye humble souls, approach your 152	Your harps, ye trembling saints 31
Ye kindreds of the earth rejoice*183	Zion, awake! thy strength renew 9
Ye mighty rulers of the land 28 Ye nations of the earth rejoice 51 Ye realms below the skies 426	Zion's King shall reign victorious 37 * Hymns written by the Editor.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Supreme love to God—implying adoration of his character, submission to his will, and obsdience to his laws—is the sublime end of the economy of heaven; and devotional exercises are valuable only so far as they contribute to or manifest this divine result. Hence, the graces of the christian life are commended, enjoined, and prayed for, prominently, in all the variety of subjects here presented.—Hymns inserted in one division of the Index, will, in many cases, be found equally suited to another.

General Praise.	Thy name, Almighty 309	Oft in the stilly 497
Almighty Maker 287	To praise thy 199	Spirit of bright 95
Before Jehovah's 29	To your Creator 421	The God of Abram 445
Begin, my soul, the 268	With one consent 32	This God is the 551
Be thou exalted 31	Ye mighty rulers 28	Thy bounties, Lord, 513
Be thou, O God 121	Ye nations of the 51	Thy goodness, Lord, 150
	Ye realms below 426	To Thee, eternal 417
Come, sound his 296	Yes, I will extol 544	Triumphant, Lord 55
Eternal God, celestial 52	Ye sons of men 106	Ye kindreds of 183
Eternal God, in 265	Ye tribes of Adam. 424	
From all that54, 573		Glory of God, 34, 116, 130,
Give to the Lord 5	Mercy of God.	136, 139, 278, 428.
High o'er the 532, 533	Dear Father, to 155	God in Christ, 78, 82, 560.
Let all created 422	Enduring, Lord, 146	
Let all the earth 141	Far as creation's 120	God in Nature.
Let all who fear 327	From every stormy 115	Behold the lofty 291
Let every creature. 294	Holy, holy, holy 395	Celestial worlds 262
Long as I live 3	How rich thy 208	Father of lights 91
May all our power 440	My God, what 163	Hail, great Creator 151
Nature, with all 9	My soul, repeat 301	I sing the mighty 569
Now to the Lord 102	To Thee, O my 480	Jehovah spake 269
O all ye lands 243		Lord, when my 156
O all ye nations 179	Love of God.	O Lord our God 572
O all ye people, clap. 2	Begin, my tongue, 224	On God the race 84
O come, loud anthems 1	Come, ye who 191	The glorious universe 568
O for a shout of 202	Earth with her 406	The heavens declare 7
O praise ye the Lord 471	Exalt the Lord 293	The hills and dales 142
Praise, everlasting 8	God is Love; his 337	The Lord Jehovah 325
Praise ye the 4, 101, 570	Great is our 450	The Lord our God 249
Praise the Lord371, 449	Lord of life and 545	The rising morn 85
Sing hallelujah 456	Lord, thon hast 271	
Sing to Jehovah's 297	My God, thy 276	Confidence in God.
Stars upon the 510	My soul has often 566	Altho' no flowers 159
The God who 460	Now begin the 399	Altho' the vine 275
Thou great Supreme 465	Now to the Lord 6	God is my strong 578

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

INL	DEX OF SUBJECTS	٥.	11
God is the refuge 83	When the news of 559	Children of the	410
Great Source of 80	While Shepherds 204	Come, let us join	
How firm a 485	Death of Christ.	From Jesse's root .	466
How sweet to the 529		Glory to God on high	
If clouds arise 576	Angels heard with 348	Go, worship at our	
I've searched 565	Hark, the voice of 358	Hail to the Lord's	444
No change of 114	He dies, the Friend 30 O come, to the 491	How sweet the name	
O Thou in whose 506	There is a fountain. 165	Join all the	
O Thou whose light 459	Thou sweet-gliding. 486	Let earth and heaven	
Rejoice, believer, in 187	When I survey 33	Now for a tune	
Should pain and 500		Oall ve ransomed	
The holy spirit 79 Tho' troubles 481, 517	Resurrection.	O bless the Lord of	
When doubts and 98	Angels, roll the 397	O for a thousand	
When doubts and 50	Arise, ye people, 250	Saviour! our hearts	
Providence.	Christians, dismiss 322	The Saviour! O what	
Acquaint thee, O 477	Christ the Lord is 402	Thou dear Redeemer	170
Gently, Lord, O 343	Joy to the world, for 502	We sing the bright	
Gracious Source of 337	With commingling. 360	When marshalled on	
My God, my Father 193	Sabbath.	With transport, Lord	
O Thou, to whose 96	Again the day 463	Ye servants of Christ	469
The Lord my pasture 122	Again the Lord of 148	Gospel Blessings.	
Thy ways, O Lord . 21	Arise, and hail 272	O blest are they	231
Wait, O my soul 66 We bless the Lord, 47	Great God, this 135	Peace be to this	
We bless the Lord 47 When dread misfor 44	Hail, happy day 464	Sweet, sweet is	564
Whilst far and wide 41	Safely thro' another. 381	There is a pure	37
	Sweet is the work, O 312	To bless the human	
Shepherd.	Sweet to the soul 128	What glorious tidings	264
My Shepherd will 176	Welcome, delightful. 420 Welcome, sweet day 310	Grace and Salvation	n.
The Lord is my 490		All power and grace	113
The Lord is our 489	Exaltation and reign of	Before the world was	432
While God my 283	Christ.	Grace! 'tis a	
While God my 201	Before the world was 432	Great God of wonders	
Seasons, Time.	Behold our Lord 571	Let pure devotion	
Fountain of mercy 188	Hark! ten thousand 367	Let us adore the	
God of our lives 200	How glorious the 472 I know that my 126	Raise your	
How pleasing is 423	Jesus shall reign 109	Rock of Ages	
Life but a fleeting 215	Joy to the earth 180	Salvation! O the	
Remark, my soul 198	Let songs of praises 201	The voice of free	
The week is past 131	Lo, he coines in 347	The word of	
Thro' every age 87 When verdure 174	Lo, he comes, let 368	Thy grace we adore.	
While with ceaseless 379	Lo, the Lord, the 336	To thee my heart	
	O Lord, our Lord, 70	Ye humble souls	152
Nativity.	Praise ye the Lord. 181	Faith and Hope.	
Arrayed in clouds 124	Rejoice, the Lord 290, 431	Bright was the	227
Awake the song 92	Shout, for the great. 107 Sing to the Lord, ye 251	Faith, hope, and	000
Hail, the blest morn. 498 Hark, hark, the 413	The living waters 298	Hail, sweetest	164
Hark, the chorus 401	The joyful scene 453	In every scene of	
Hark, the glad 232	Thon art the way 259	In this world, of	340
Hark, what celestial 418	Zion's king shall 372	Lamp of our feet	27
Hark, what mean 335		Sweet hope, the	14
Joy to the world 245	Redcemer's Praise.	There is a flower	218
Mortals awake with 203	All hail, redeeming. 434	There is a hope	
Q let your mingling. 273	All hail the power . 182	There is a star	
O publish abroad 473	Awake and sing the 239	Tho' travelling thro' 'Tis by the faith	3//
Wake, O my soul 53	Awake, my soul, in 53	TIS DY THE BUILD	90

12 18	עו
Gospel Triumphs.	0
Behold the fleecy 435	0
Christians, hail the 346	O
Come, then, O my 492	T
Dear Saviour, thy 258	Ť
From Greenland's icy 442 Give us room that 404	Ť
Great God, whose 76	W
Hark! the song of 575	W
Hark! 'tis the 266	N
Hasten, Lord, the 409	II
How wondrous and. 467	In
I sing the gospel 415 Lo, what a glorious. 177	
Lo, what a glorious. 177 Mediator, Son of 403	In
Now be the gospel 508	211
Now be the gospel 508 O bless our God 112	P
O God, to earth 316	-
O who shall see 558	
Rise, crowned with. 462 Saviour, bless thy . 405	
Saviour, whom our. 451	
Soon may the 99	
Soon may the 99 Sovereign of worlds 419	
Triumphant Saviour 254	
Zion, awake! thy 97	A
Scriptures, 125, 140, 157, 216, 228, 205.	C
	C
Union with Christ. 306,	E
307, 314, 377, 504, 523.	F
Friendship, 365, 537, 555.	F
Christian Fellowship.	G
Blest be the dear 166	G
Blest be the tie 284 Brethren, beloved for 143	II
Brethren, beloved for 143 Come in, thou blessed 71	I
Come in, thou blessed 71 Hail, sweetest 164	Jε
How pleasant 'tis 323	Je
Joined in a union 162	L
Let party names 286	L
Love is the strongest 320	L
Associations, Conventions.	N
50, 65, 162, 164, 458, 538.	N
Communion.	O
18, 63, 88, 194, 260, 391.	0
	O
Prospect of Heaven.	0
Afar from all these. 246	S
Awake, ye saints 147 Descend from heaven 57	2 2
High in yonder 380	S
How sweet to reflect 519	T
I would not live 488	T
I see them on 503	V
'Mid sickness and 535 O could our thoughts 175	· V
O could out thoughts 175	f.

TO THE OWNER OF THE OWNER OWNER OF THE OWNER O	non
DEX OF SUBJ	EC1
O four a survey	7.45
O for a sweet	145
On Jordan's stormy.	242
On Zion's mount The light of other There is a land 72, There is an hour	267
The light of other	495
There is a land. 72,	240
There is an hour	454
This world and its	526
What are these in	412
When I can read	230
When our spirits	518
With sacred joy	171
Invitations. 210, 236, 376, 384, 386, 389, 483, 501, 509.	292,
376 384 386 389	416,
192 501 500	410,
400, 001, 000.	
Invocation of the Spirit	. 12,
15, 67, 161, 302, 357	
15, 67, 161, 302, 357 Prayer and Prayers. 20, 64, 77, 93, 127,	17.
20 64 77 93 127	158.
167 178 199 907	214
999 995 938 939	247
957 963 979 989	350
261 372 378 385	426
Prayer and Prayers. 20, 64, 77, 93, 127, 167, 178, 192, 207, 222, 225, 238, 23), 257, 263, 279, 282, 361, 373, 378, 385, 438, 441, 461, 562.	200,
450, 441, 401, 502.	
Evangelical Devotie	on.
Awake, my tongue	74
Come Lord and	168
Come O my soul	73
Come, Come, O my soul Come, thou Fount	342
Eternal Source of	172
Far from mortal	350
Fur from my	56
Circura O Lord	235
Great Call let all	16
Far from my Give me, O Lord Great God! let all Great God! to thee	
Great God: to thee	223
How precious when.	554
I love awhile Jesus, at thy Jesus, lover of	567
Jesus, at thy	443
Jesus, lover of	383
Lo, down, down	534
Lord, thou hast	117
Lord, with glowing Love divine, all	356
Love divine, all	351
My Grou, my Line	313
My gracious	548
Not with the ontward	
O come, let us	549
O Saviour, delight	547
O Saviour, delight O Saviour, warm O Thou in whose	186
O Thou in whose	543
U Thou to whose	24
Saviour, I my cross Spirit of beauty, of Sweet the moments	341
Spirit of beauty, of	515
Sweet the moments	338
The glories, Lord,	-212
Thou whose wide	512
When all creation	
When all thy	213
When all thy	149

Devout Aspirations, 109,
408, 446, 447, 448, 499, 542, 546, 550, 557.
Gratitude, 69, 86, 90, 108,
Gratitude. 69, 86, 90, 108, 119, 189, 219, 318, 516,
521.
Exultation.
226, 233, 248, 319, 370, 400, 427, 443, 468, 475, 514, 525, 527, 552, 553, 563.
427, 443, 468, 475, 514,
Worship.
Blessed Saviour 364 Dear Saviour, we 574
For thee, O God 118
Great God, attend 23
How lovely the 541
How pleased and 324 In God's own house 153
Lord, how delightful 100
Lord of hosts, how. 387 Lord of the worlds. 414
Lord of the worlds 414
Lord, we come 390
O come and adore 479 O worship the 476
Sweet is the work 89
Sweet the time 407
The praise of Zion 75
To thy temple we 392 We come, and here 530
Dismission, 10, 13, 60, 61, 104, 110, 237, 255, 270, 285, 326, 329, 330, 344, 345, 349, 352, 353, 362, 369, 375, 396, 425, 458,
285, 326, 329, 330, 344,
345, 349, 352, 353, 362,
369, 375, 396, 425, 458,
00C.
Christian Graces. 105, 234, 252, 253, 277, 280, 305, 315, 323, 328, 336, 382,
315, 323, 328, 336, 382,
400.
Consolatory.
40, 42, 197, 217, 304, 308,
331, 333, 334, 354, 366,
374, 452, 457, 478, 482, 484, 487, 493, 494, 496, 505, 520, 522, 528, 536.
505, 520, 522, 528, 536.
Dedications. 26, 68, 111,
134, 138, 261, 303, 398.
National, 35, 123, 439.
Weddings, 531, 561.
Funerals, 19, 195, 196, 388,
393, 394, 524.

Morning and Evening Devotions. 22, 25, 38, 103, 129, 137, 209, 256, 274, 332, 411, 539. Devout Aspirations. 169,

HYMNS OF ZION.

1. STERLING. L. M.



HYMN 1.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

To his blest courts let us repair, And humbly bow before him there: To him alone the grateful song, And thankful hymns of praise belong.

Earth and its depths are in his hand; Sea and its isles his wisdom plann'd; And earth and sea and sky, proclaim The might and honour of his name.

O come, and bow before the Lord, Ye who can best his praise record; Come, and with holy hosts above, Sing of the wonders of his love.

HYMN 2.

O all ye people, clap your hands, And shout in triumph while you sing; Sing his high praise who earth commands. And over all is sovereign King.

The morning stars together join, To chant his praise who form'd their host; And, blest with favors most divine, Man should adore and praise him most.

Goodness and care his might displays In all around, beneath, above: Wisdom appears in all his ways, And all his plans are plans of love.

Loud praises to Jehovah sing, Ye highly-favor'd sons of men; And angels, on celestial wing, Shall join the theme, and shout Amen.



DUKE STREET. BREWER. METHUEN.

HYMN 4.

Praise ye the Lord; let praise employ In his own courts, your songs of joy; The spacious firmament around, Shall echo back the joyful sound.

Extol his name in strains divine; His wondrous works in glory shine: Praise him for all his mighty deeds, Whose greatness all your praise exceeds. Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Awake to praise each joyous tone, To make your holy transports known; Awake each tongue-lift up each voice, So when thy truth began its race, In grateful rapture to rejoice.

Let all whom life and breath inspire, To holy hymns of joy aspire; And let the sacred concert rise, To join the chorus of the skies.

HYMN 5.

Give to the Lord immortal praise; Mercy and truth are all his ways: Wonders of grace to God belong, Reneat his mercies in your song.

He built the wide and glorious earth; To heav'n and all its hosts gave birth; His mercies he will e'er display, Tho' heav'n and earth should pass away!

He sent his Son with pow'r to save From guilt and sorrow and the grave: Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of Lords renown: The King of Kings with glory crown: His mercies he will still display, When lords and kings have past away.

HYMN 6.

Now to the Lord a noble song! Awake, my soul, awake my tongue; Hosanna to our Father's name, And all his boundless love proclaim. Behold it glow in Shiloh's face. The brightest Image of his grace; And hear it breathe in ev'ry tone. In which salvation was made known! Grace! 'tis a soul-rejoicing theme! It flows in one eternal stream! Ye angels, dwell upon the sound; Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

O may we reach that happy place, Where he unveils his lovely face! Where we his beauties shall behold, And sing his praise to harps of gold.

HYMN 7.

The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord: In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines,

The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy pow'r confess: But the blest volume thou hast writ,

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand; It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest Till thro' the world thy truth has run-Till Christ bath all the nations blest, That see the light, or feel the sun.

HYMN 8.

Praise, everlasting praise be paid To him who earth's foundations laid; Praise to the God whose mighty will Creation's wide domains fulfil. Praise to the goodness of the Lord. Who rules his people by his word; And there reveals a plan of grace Encircling all the human race. O for a strong, a lasting faith, To credit what our Father saith! To glory in his gracious will, And all his holy laws fulfil!

Then should the earth's foundations sliake.

And all the wheels of nature break,— Our steadfast sonls should fear no more, Than solid rocks when billows roar!

HYMN 9.

Nature, with all her pow'rs, shall sing Her great Creator, and her King: Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas, Deny the tribute of their praise.

Ye angels near his radiant throne, Unite to make his glories known; Attune your harps, and spread the sound Throughout creation's utmost bound.

O may our grateful zeal employ Each pow'r of mind in hymns of joy; And join, with heart-inspiring songs, The anthems of angelic tongues.

Yet, gracious God, our feeble frame Attempts in vain to reach thy name: The highest notes that angels raise, Fall far below thy glorious praise.



HYMN 11.

We sing the bright and Morning Star, The day-spring of eternal love! See how its rays, diffused from far, Conduct us to the realms above!

Those cheering rays, spread wide abroad, To my illumined eyes display Point out the Christian's onward way; And as he goes, he finds the road Enlightened with increasing day.

As onward still his way he wends: In heav'n its beams forever glow, Where light with life in glory blends.

HYMN 12.

Breathe, Holy Spirit, from above, Until our hearts with fervor glow; O kindle there a Saviour's love, That we his grace divine may know. Bid all conflicting passions cease, And fear from every mind to flee; And give to each that holy peace, Unknown to all who know not Thee. Confer on us thy heav'nly joy, Our hopes and faith to triumph raise; Guide us to bliss without alloy, And tune our hearts to endless praise.

HYMN 13.

From worship, now, thy church dismiss-But not without thy blessing, Lord; Ogrant a taste of heavenly bliss, And seal the teachings of thy word. Oft may these pleasant scenes return. When we shall meet to worship thee; Oft may our hearts within us burn To hear thy word, thy goodness see.

And when these scenes of joy are past, To thee, our God, O may we fly, And meet th' assembled world at last, In our unfading home on high.

HYMN 14.

Sweet hope! the heav'nly balm of joy, Triumphant reign within my mind; Let doubt nor darken nor destroy, The peace that in thy smile I find-Thou art the comfort of my days, The solace of each weary hour, The joy that wakes to life my praise, And animates each vital pow'r. Thy ever-glorious light appears,

And gilds the clouds of earthly gloom; And buds of bliss, tho' steep'd in tears, In thy blest rays expand and bloom,

HYMN 15.

Come, blessed Spirit, source of light. Whose pow'r and grace are unconfined; Dispel the gloomy shades of night, The deeper darkness of the mind.

The glorious truth thy words reveal, That I may run the heav'nly way, And with delight perform thy will.

More bright and beauteous it will grow, Thine inward teachings may I know, The depths of thy redeeming love, The vanity of things below, And glory of the things above.

> While through the maze of life I stray, Spread like the sun, thy beams abroad; O show me wisdom's peaceful way, And guide my feeble steps to God.

HYMN 16.

Great God! let all my tuneful pow'rs Awake, and sing thy mighty name: Thy hand revolves my circling hours,-Thy hand from whence my being came.

Seasons and times, still rolling round In beauteous order, speak thy praise; And years, with smiling mercy crown'd. To thee successive honors raise.

My life, my health, my friends, I owe, All to thy vast, unbounded love; Ten thousand precious gifts below, And hope of purer joys above.

Thus will I sing till nature cease, Till sense and language are no more: And after death, thy boundless grace Through everlasting years adore.

HYMN 17.

In thee, thou all-sufficient God. The springs of happiness arise, That spread delight thro' earth abroad, And bless the mansions of the skies.

We, the productions of thy might, The beings fashioned by thy love, Look to thy throne of love and light. And wait thy blessing from above.

Protect the young from every snare, And let thy staff support the old; Inspire each soul with fervent pray'r; To every mind thy truth unfold.

So shall thy people lift the voice, And humbly bend the willing knee,-And, while in grace their hearts rejoice, Ascribe the praise and might to thee.



8. PLEYEL. L. M.



HYMN 19.

But withers in the rising day,-Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn; Thus swiftly fled his life away!

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade, Death timely came with friendly care; The opening bud to heaven conveyed, And bade it bloom forever there.

He died to sin, and all its woes, But for a moment felt the rod,-On love's triumphant wing he rose, To rest forever with his God!

HYMN 20.

As the sweet flower that scents the morn, Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell. By faith and love, in every breast: Then shall we know, and taste, and feel, The joys which cannot be expressed.

> O fill our hearts with inward strength. Make every spirit here possess, And learn the height & breadth & length Of thine unbounded love and grace.

Thus shall we rise, and live in thee, Thou Life, and Light, and only Lord! And thankful praise shall ever be Our pleasing work, with one accord.

HYMN 21.

Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design, Are framed upon thy throne above, And every dark or bending line Meets in the centre of thy love.

With feeble light, and half obscure, Poor mortals thine arrangements view, A living spark of holy fire; Not knowing that the least are sure, And the mysterious just and true.

Thy flock, thine own peculiar care, Though now they seem to roam uneyed, And let us now our Saviour see; Are led or driven only where They best and safest may abide.

They neither know nor trace the way; But trusting to thy piercing eye, None of their feet to ruin stray, Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

My favored soul shall meekly learn, To bow before thy holy throne; And while thy wisdom I discern, Embrace thee as my Guide alone.

HYMN 22.

My God! eternal is thy love; Thy gifts are every evening new; And morning mercies from above, Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night, Kind Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I vield myself to thy command, To thee I consecrate my days; Perpetual blessings from thy hand, Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 23.

Great God, attend, while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place. Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Would tempt me to desert thy door.

All needed grace wilt thou bestow, And crown thy grace with glory too; Thy favors thou wilt e'er impart, To men of pure and upright heart.

O God our King, whose mighty sway, The glorious host of heaven ober, Shine forth in light, that evermore Mankind thy mercy may adore.

HYMN 24.

Come, Holy Spirit, calm each mind, And fit us to approach our God; May every feeling be refined. In view of thy serene abode.

Thou hast imparted to each soul. And thou, with thy divine control, Can'st fill us with devout desire.

Still brighter faith and hope impart, O breathe thy love in ev'ry heart, And bid our spirits rest in thee.

HYMN 25.

Great God, to thee my evening song, With humble gratitude I raise; O let thy mercy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with glowing praise.

My days unclouded as they pass, And ev'ry gently rolling hour, Record the wonders of thy grace, And speak of thy unbounded pow'r.

Thy love and might, celestial guard, Preserve me from surrounding harm; No ill can reach me while the Lord Extends his kind, protecting arm.

Let this blest hope my eyelids close; With soothing sleep refresh my frame: Safe in thy care may I repose, And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 26.

Here in thy name, eternal God! We build this earthly house for thee; O choose it for thy blest abode, And guard it long from error free.

Here, when thy people seek thy face, And dying sinners pray to live, Hear thou in heav'n thy dwelling place, And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

Here, when thy messengers proclaim The plessed gospel of thy Son, Still by the pow'r of his great name, Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Here may thy doctrine drop like rain; Here he thy love a constant guest; Here may our great Redeemer reign, And here the Holy Spirit rest.

Thy glory never hence depart; Yet choose not thou this house alone; Thy kingdom come to every heart, In every soul set up thy throne.







HYMN 28.

Ye mighty rulers of the land, Give praise and glory to the Lord; And while before his throne ye stand, His great and wondrous deeds record.

O render unto God above, The honors which to him belong; And in the temple of his love, Let worship flow from every tongue. His voice is heard the earth around, When thro' the heav'ns his thunders roll; The troubled ocean hears the sound, And yields itself to his control.

God on the floods has fixed his throne, And he shall reign from shore to shore; His lofty praise let men make known; His peace shall bless them evermore.

HYMN 29.

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy! Know that the Lord is God alone: He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wandering sheep, we strav'd.

He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs;

High as the heavens our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, He is the Lord-supremely good-Shall fill his courts with sounding praise. His mercy is forever sure Wide as the world is his command,

Vast as eternity his love: Firm as a rock his truth shall stand When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 30.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo, Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground! Here's love and grief beyond degree; The Lord of glory dies for men; But, lo, what sudden joys we see,-Jesus, the dead, revives again!

Break off your tears, ye saints, and say, How high your great Deliverer reigns; Sing how he rose to endless day, And led the tyrant Death in chains! Say, Live forever, glorious King, Born to redeem, and strong to save; Then ask the spoiler, Where's thy sting?

HYMN 31.

In life, in death, in worlds unknown, Be thou exalted, O my God, Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell; Our Lord, our Portion, our Delight. Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell. My heart is fixed-my song shall raise Immortal honors to thy name: Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise, His might and wonders to proclaim. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns. And reaches to the utmost sky; His truth to endless years remains, While lower worlds dissolve and die. Be thon exalted, O my God, Above the heav'ns where angels dwell; Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMN 32.

With one consent, let all the earth, To God their cheerful voices raise, And sing to him who gave us birth, And light and life, the songs of praise. He is our God, and he alone: From him both we and all proceed; We, whom he chooses for his own, The flock which he delights to feed.

O enter then his temple gate, Thence to his courts devoutly press; And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still his name with praises bless. His truth, which always firmly stood, To endless ages shall endure.

HYMN 33.

When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, The gains of earth I count but loss, And feel the guilt and shame of pride. Forbid, O God, that I should boast, Save in the cross of thy dear Son; By dying love attracted most, By grace and truth may I be won.

HYMN 34.

Almighty and immortal King.

Thy peerless splendor none can bear; But seraphs bow and veil their eyes, When God unveils his glory there! Yet faith can pierce the dark profound, Thy realm of light and life to see, And with its tremblings mingle joy, And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? In fixed regards, great God, to thee. O may our faith and hope and love, Still live and glow in thy pure light;

HYMN 35.

O Thou, whose arm of might surrounds, Creation's wide and wondrous bounds; This day thy people bend the knee, And lift the voice, in praise, to Thee! This nation Thou hast greatly blessed, With freedom, peace and welcome rest O may our hearts devoutly raise To Thee the hymn of grateful praise. Our fathers, in the days of yore, Confessed Thy arm, and felt thy pow'r: May we, from chains and bondage free, With grateful hearts rejoice in Thee.



HYMN 37.

There is a pure and peaceful wave, That issues from the throne of love, Whose waters gladden as they lave The bright and heavenly courts above.

In living streams behold that tide Through Christ the rock profusely burst; And in his word, behold supplied The fount for which our spirits thirst.

The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink Beneath the sultry sky of time, May here repose, and freely drink The waters of that better clime.

And every soul may here partake The blessings of the fount above; And none who drink will e'er forsake The crystal stream of boundless love.

HYMN 38.

Thus far the Lord has led me on. Thus far his power prolongs my days; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

In every varied scene this day, His hand has been my constant guide: O may I ever love his way, And in his gracious fear abide.

In hope I now recline to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head; His ever-watchful eye will keep A constant guard around my bed.

Faith in his love expels all fear That his kind care will e'er depart: When I awake, O may I hear His still small voice within my heart.

HYMN 39.

With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim How vain is all beneath the skies! Th' immortal honors of thy name: Assembled round our Saviour's throne. We make his ceaseless glories known.

Through all succeeding ages, he Immortal radiance crowns his head, And light and joy around are spread.

The same his power his flock to guard; The same his bounty to reward; The same his faithfulness and love To saints on earth, and saints above.

Let nature change, and sink, and die, On him our souls will still rely : For, leaning on our Saviour's breast. We claim the promise of his rest.

HYMN 40.

Affliction's faded form draws nigh, With wrinkled brow and tearful eye; With sackloth on her bosom spread, And ashes scattered o'er her head. But deem her not a child of earth; From heaven she draws her sacred birth: Beside the throne of God she stands, To execute his wise commands. The messenger of grace, she flies To train us for our sphere, the skies; And onward as we move, the way

Her weeds to robes of glory turn, Her looks with kindling radiance burn, And from her lips these accents steal, God smites to bless, he wounds to heal.

Becomes more smooth, more bright the

HYMN 41.

Whilst far and wide thy scatter'd sheep, Great Shepherd! in the desert stray; Thy love, by some, is thought to sleer. Unheedful of the wanderer's way.

But Truth declares-they shall be found, Wherever now they darkling roam: Thy voice shall thro' the desert sound, And summon every wanderer home.

Upon the darker ways of sin, Instead of terror's sword and flame. Shall love descend-for love can win Far more than terror can reclaim.

And they shall turn their wandering feet, By grace redeem'd, by love controll'd, Till all at last in Eden meet, One happy, universal fold.

HYMN 42.

How transient every earthly bliss! How slender all the fondest ties, That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud-the morning dew-The same hath been, the same shall be; The withering grass-the fading flow'r-Of earthly hopes are emblems true-The glory of a passing hour!

> But though earth's fairest blossoms die. And all beneath the sky is vain, There is a land whose confines lie Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come, Dispel our cares, and chase our fears: Since God is ours, we're travelling home, Though passing through a vale of tears.



HYMN 43.

When marshalled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, One star alone of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from every gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks,-It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the stormy seas I rode; Now, safely moored, my perils o'er, The storm was loud, the night was dark, I'll sing beneath night's diadem, The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark; It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star arose,-It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my Guide, my Light, my All: It made my dark forebodings cease; And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace. Forever and for evermore,

HYMN 44.

HYMN 46.

When dread misfortune's tempests rise, Thou art the Way-and he who sighs And roar through all the darkened skies, Amid this starless waste of woe Where shall the anxious pilgrim gain To find a pathway to the skies, A shelter from the wind and rain? A light from heaven's eternal glow-Within the covert of thy grace. By thee must come, thou Gate of Love, O Lord, there is a hiding-place, Thro' which the saints undoubting trod: Where, unconcerned, we hear the sound. Till faith discovers, like the dove. Though storm and tempest rage around. An ark, a resting-place in God.

When, wandering o'er the desert bare Of burning sands and sultry air. We've sought the cheerless region thro', The pure, the everlasting ray, But found no stream to meet our view .-'Tis then, the rivers of thy love, Descending from thy throne above, Supply our wants, and soothe our pain, And raise our fainting souls again.

When in a weary land we tire, And our exhausted powers expire, With toil, and care, and heat oppressed, Where shall our languid spirits rest? O, who could bear the blasting ray, And all the burden of the day, Did not a Rock in Zion stand, O'ershading all this weary land!

Thou art the Truth-whose steady day Shines on thro' earthly blight and bloom: The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb: The light that out of darkness springs, And guideth those that blindly go; The word whose precious radiance flings Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life-the blessed Well. With living waters gushing o'er. Which those that drink shall ever dwell Where sin and thirst are known no more. Thou art the mystic pillar given, Our lamp by night, our light by day; Thou art the sacred bread from heaven; Thou art the Life-the Truth-the Way.

HYMN 45.

The ransomed spirit to her home, The clime of cloudless beauty, flies; No more on stormy seas to roam, She hails her haven in the skies. But cheerless are those heavenly fields, That cloudless clime no pleasure yields, There is no bliss in bowers above, If thou art absent, Holy Love!

The cherub near the viewless throne. Hath struck the harp with trembling While brighter glories shall display hand:

And one with incense-fire hath flown, To touch with flame the angel-band; But tuneless is the quivering string. No melody can Gabriel bring, Mute are its arches, when above The harps of heaven wake not to Love!

HYMN 47.

We bless the Lord, whose tender care, Our lives and all we are, display; Whose constant love shall still prepare To guide us in the narrow way, We bless the Sun of Righteousness, Whose glorious rays shall never cease, Whose ways are ways of pleasantness, Whose sacred paths are paths of peace.

The cloudy pillar all the day Shall guide us to the heavenly light, Thy cheering presence through the night So let us learn where'er we go, To yield obedience to thy call, To seek thy footsteps here below, And love thee as our All in All.

HYMN 48.

Earth, sea and sky one language speak, Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord; Help us to feed upon thy word; And let thy truth within us live. And with thy spirit be imbued; Give every burdened soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.

In harmony that soothes the soul; "Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake, All that has been amiss forgive, And when on thunders thunders roll: That voice is heard, and tumults cease, May we remember thou art good, It whispers to the bosom peace;-Speak, thou Inspirer from above And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!



HYMN 49.

9. HYMN 52.

Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in thy word.

Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorions name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some solid ground to rest upon; With long despair the spirit breaks, Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well thy sacred truths agree! How wise and holy thy commands! Thy promises, how firm they be! How firm our hope and comfort stand!

Should all the forms that men devise Assault my faith with treacherous art, I'd call them vanity and lies, And bind the gospel to my heart.

HVMN 50.

Now we are met from different parts, May heavenly love inspire our hearts; May all we do be done in love, Like those who meet to praise above.

May this a striking emblem be of that great meeting all shall see, Where heavenly love tunes every chord, In pure hosannas to the Lord.

O may we feel the kindling glow Which ransomed spirits ever know; In all we do, may we proclaim, The praise of our Redeemer's name.

And when the scenes of life are o'er, And we shall meet on earth no more, In brighter scenes in realms above, We'll sing the song of endless love.

HYMN 51.

Ye nations of the earth, rejoice Before the Lord, your gracious King; Lift up in praise your grateful voice, And with the heart His glory sing.

The Lord is God, and He alone Can life and breath and being give; We are His work, and not our own, The sheep who on his pasture live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to His courts repair; And make it your divine employ, To render thanks and honors there,

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind, Great is His grace, His mercy sure; From age to age, to all mankind, His gracious favour shall endure. Eternal-God, celestial King, Exalted be thy glorions name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love proclaim. Our hearts are fixed on thee, O God! We rest our lopes on thee alone; We'll spread thy sacred truths abroad, To all mankind thy love make known. Eternal God, celestial King, Exalted be thy glorious name:

Exalted be thy glorious name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

HYMN 53.

Wake, O my sonl, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born! And joyous angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day. Hark! what sweet music—what a song Sonnds from the bright, celestial throng! What holy joy the sounds impart, To every meek, believing heart! Come, join the angels in the sky, Glory to God, who reigns on high! Let peace and love, from shore to shore, Be known on earth for evermore!

HYMN 54.

From all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise: Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through every land, by every tongue. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attents thy word: Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore.

Till suns shall rise to set no more.

HYMN 55.

Triumphant, Lord, thy goodness reigns, Throughout the wide celestial plains, And its full streams redundant flow In every realm of earth below. Through nature's works its glories shine. Displaying skill and love divine; And in thy word, thy truth and grace, All we can hope or feel, embrace, The nations of the earth shall be, Redeemed from sin and death by thee: And stand accepted in thy sight, Arrayed in robes of living light. O give to every waiting heart To taste and see how good thou art; And may our lives in virtue prove" The mighty grace of endless love.



HYMN 56.

Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire: Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare ! How sweet thine entertainments are ! Never did angels taste, above, Redeeming grace, and dving love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine! In thee thy Father's glories shine, Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one, That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 57.

Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone; Descend from heaven, immortal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount, and bear us far above The reach of all terrestrial things.

Beyond, beyond the starry sky, Up where eternal ages roll. Where holy pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul.

Behold, behold the countless throng, Arrayed in robes of spotless white! They sing in joy the thrilling song, And walk redeemed in love and light!

O may we here in heart and tongue, Unite with that glad choir above, And sing the everlasting song, Of glory to the Fount of Love!



HYMN 58.

When all creation sings for joy, Let praise our purest thoughts employ; While notes of harmony resound, Let not our tongues be silent found. Triumphant songs of praise we owe, To him whose glories round us glow; To him who bids our sorrows cease, And fills our souls with heavenly peace. His loving kindness, O how strong! He guides us to refreshing streams: Our wandering feet his love redeems: By day, he cheers us with his light, And gives us sweet commune by night, Let all that dwell beneath the sky, Unite with heavenly hosts on high, To celebrate the wondrous plan, Of peace on earth, good will to man!

3*

HYMN 59.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me; His loving kindness, O how free! Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and sin, my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along; When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood; His loving kindness, O how good! Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale; Soon all my mortal powers shall fail; O may my last expiring breath His loving kindness sing in death.



HYMN 61.

Thy presence, ever-living God, Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep, In every place thy children keep.

path

While near each other we remain, Thou dost our lives and powers sustain; Again, united songs of praise; And, when apart, we joy to share Thy counsels and thy gracious care.

To thee we now commit our ways. Wide through all nature spreads abroad; And still implore thy heavenly grace:-O, let thy face upon us shine : Still guard and guide us, Lord, as thine.

filial love.

Give us within thy house to raise Or, if that joy no more be known, O may we meet around thy throne.

With filial

HYMN 62.

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove. With light and comfort from above Be thou our guardian, thou our guide, O'er every thought and deed preside.

To us the light of truth display, That we may know thy holy way; With faith and love imbue each heart, That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living way; Nor let us from his counsel stray; And bless us in that peaceful road,

He is our home, and thou our guide To realms where joy and light abide; May all mankind be gathered there, The bliss of holiness to share!

HYMN 63.

At thy command, O gracious Lord! Here we attend thy dving feast: Thy tokens here adorn the board, To feed in faith thy every guest.

Our faith adores thy living grace, And here attests thy dying love! O may our souls our Lord embrace, And bring his blessing from above!

We glory in thy precious name, And count all else but worthless dross; O may our every act proclaim, The holy triumphs of the cross!

With joy we tell the scoffing world, That thou art glorified above, And bid them gladly see unfurl'd, The banner of redeeming love!

HYMN 64.

O thou, who hast at thy command The hearts of all men in thy hand! Our wayward, erring hearts incline To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control; Mould every purpose of the soul; O'er all may we victorious be That stands between ourselves and thee. Or yield me comfort so divine.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be, When we can look thro' them to thee; When each glad heart its tribute pays Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

And while we to thy glory live, May we to thee all glory give, Until the final summons come, That calls thy willing servants home.

HYMN 65.

Assembled here, a brother band, Before thy face, O Lord, we stand: The voice that marshalled every star. Has called thy people from afar.

We meet, thro' distant lands to sprea. The truth for which the martyrs bled; Our counsels aid-to each impart The single eye, the faithful heart.

We meet to feel the kindling glow Of heav'n in love on earth below; O touch our lips with holy fire, Which leads to peace and rest with God. And all our thoughts with grace inspire.

> We meet, O Lord! but we must part! O may each waiting brother's heart, Behold that world, all parting o'er, Where we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 66.

Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will: Tumultuous passions, all be still: Nor let a murmuring thought arise:-His ways are just—his counsels wise.

A veil around his throne he draws: His work performs-conceals the cause But though his methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support his throne.

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas, H. executes his firm decrees: And age to age has still confessed That what he does is ever best.

In him, my soul, repose thy trust, For all his ways are wise and just; And all his plans, in heav'n above And earth below, are plans of love.

HYMN 67.

Spirit of peace! immortal Dove! Here let thy gentle influence reign: O fill my soul with heav'nly love, And all the graces of thy train.

Not all the joys beneath the sky. For which the sons of pleasure pine, Could raise my tuneful song so high,

Blest with thy presence, I could meet All earthly woes in terror dressed; Nor while I taste a joy so sweet, One fear disturb my peaceful breast.

Spirit of peace! immortal Dove! Here let thy gentle influence reign; O fill my heart with heav'nly love, And all the graces of thy train.



ALFRETON. EFFINGHAM. GERMANY.

HYMN 69.

Bless, O my soul, the living God; Call home thy tho'ts that roam abroad; Let all the powers within me, join In love and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace, Whose love embraces all our race; Let not the wonders he hath wrought, Be lost in silence and forgot.

'Twas he who sent his blessed Son, His gracious purpose to make known: 'Tis he whose pow'r will bring mankind To light and peace, to bliss refined.

Let every land his truth embrace; Let all the earth adore his grace: My heart and tongue with joy incline, To join in worship so divine.

HYMN 70.

O Lord, our Lord, in power divine, How great is thine illustrious name! Through all the earth thy glories shine, And all thy wondrous love proclaim.

From thee thy best-loved Son descends, A mortal form awhile to wear; Beneath the might of foes he bends, Awhile their scorn and spite to bear.

But lo! thy power exalts him high! To him a glorious name is given; He lives! he lives, no more to die, Thine image in the courts of heaven!

O Lord, our Lord, in Love divine, Thy grace and truth our souls proclaim; Do thou, my soul, his glory sing; We joy to know thy wise design, And ever laud thy glorious name.

HYMN 71.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, We welcome thee in Shiloh's name: We welcome thee with one accord. And trust our Saviour does the same.

Those joys which earth cannot afford. We'll seek in fellowship to prove, Joined in one Spirit to one Lord, Together bound by mutual love.

And tho' we pass thro' scenes of tears, Where mingling joys & griefs are known, Ten thousand glowing charms unfold; We'll share each other's hopes and fears, Earth, air, and seas and skies combine. And count a brother's cares our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat; Receive assurance of our love; Oh may we all together meet, Around the throne of light above.

HYMN 72.

There is a land where earthly woe, And earthly sorrow, all shall cease; No sin shall grieve, no tear shall flow, In that sweet land of love and peace.

There is a sunless, starless sky, And yet no darkness there is found: Night cannot spread her canopy, Where God's own glory shines around.

There is a home where friends shall meet. And never, never part again; And those who loved on earth, repeat The vows they pledged in sorrow then.

That spirit-land shall ever bloom, Grief from its clime be ever driven : Immortal joys pervade that home-That spirit land, that home is heaven.

HYMN 73.

Come, O my soul, in sacred lays. Attempt thy great Creator's praise; But oh what mortal can proclaim, The grace and glory of his name.

Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light divine, Unnumbered suns around him shine.

In every purpose and design, His goodness and his wisdom shine; His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, The mercy of his might proclaim.

Raised on devotion's holy wing. And let his praise thy tongue employ In one celestial song of joy.

HYMN 74.

Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring, To him who gave thee power to sing; Praise him who is all praise above, The source of wisdom, light and love.

How vast his knowledge! how profound! A depth where all our tho'ts are drown'd! The stars he numbers-and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.

Through each bright world above, behold To speak his wisdom all divine.

But in redemption, O what grace ! Its wonders, oh! what tho't can trace! Here mercy shines forever bright. And wide displays the saving light !



HYMN 76.

Great God, whose universal sway The known and unknown worlds obey. Extend the kingdom of thy Son. Display his power, exalt his throne.

As rain on meadows newly mown His spirit sends his blessings down: His grace on fainting souls distils Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills. The heathen lands, that lie beneath The shades of overspreading death, Revive amid his dawning light,

And deserts blossom at the sight. The saints shall flourish in his days, Dressed in the robes of joy and praise; Peace, like a river, from his throne, Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

HYMN 77.

Great God! and shall thy spirit rest, In such a feeble heart as mine? Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest! How great the favor! how divine!

When doubt prevails, and gloomy fear, And hope is ready to expire,-Lord, may thy spirit then be here, And faith renew, and hope inspire.

And when my raptured heart can say, I feel thy power and taste thy grace, Then shall I own thy gentle sway, And thy redeeming truth embrace.

Let thy good spirit in my heart Forever dwell. O God of love! And light and heavenly peace impart The earnest of thy joys above.

HYMN 78.

O thou, at whose almighty word, Fair light at first from darkness shone, Teach us to know our glorious Lord, And trace the Father in the Son.

As the bright sun's meridian blaze O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight, But cheers us with his softer rays, When shining with reflected light,-

So, in thy Son, thy power divine, Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love, With mild and pleasing lustre shine, Reflected from thy throne above.

With love and admiration view, Form us in likeness to our Head, That we may bear thine image too.

HYMN 79.

The holy Spirit sure is nigh! 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart; Else would my hope sink down and die, And every cheering ray depart. When some glad promise cheers my soul,

I hear thy precious, gracious voice, And, yielding to its sweet control, My heart and all my powers rejoice. Whene'er to call the Saviour mine.

With ardent wish my soul aspires. It is not less than power divine, Which animates these strong desires. Not less than thy redeeming word Can raise me up from earth and dust. And bid me cleave to thee, O Lord,

My life, my treasure and my trust! HYMN 80.

Great Source of life, our souls confess The various riches of thy grace; And crown'd with mercies, we rejoice, And in thy praise exalt our voice.

Thy gracious hand restores our breath. When verging to the shades of death: It gently wipes away our tears, Aud lengthens life to future years.

Our lives are thine, O loving Lord! By thee upheld, by thee restored; And while the hours renew their race. We still would walk before thy face.

So when our souls by thee are led Through regions of the silent dead, Thou wilt confer the light and love, Of life and truth in realms above.

HYMN 81.

Go, worship at our Saviour's feet: See in his face what wonders meet; Earth is too barren to express His worth, his glory, or his grace.

The whole creation can afford But some faint shadows of my Lord: Nature, to make his beauties known, Must mingle colours not her own.

O let me climb those higher skies. Where storms and darkness never rise! There Christ displays his powers abroad. And shines, and reigns the Son of God.

Whilst we thine image, there displayed, Not earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars, Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears: His beauties we can never trace, Till we behold him face to face.



HYMN 83.

God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of deep distress invade; Ere we can ofter our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar: In sacred peace our souls abide, While every nation, every shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God— Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thy holy word, Our every raging fear controls;— Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls,

HYMN 84.

On God the race of man depends, Far as the earth's remotest ends; At his command, the morning ray Smiles in the east and leads the day.

Seasons and times obey his voice; And evening and the morn rejoice, To see the earth refreshed with show'rs, Laden with fruit & crown'd with flow'rs.

The desert grows a fruitful field; Abundant food the valleys yield; The plains resound with praises meet, And hills and vales the song repeat.

Thy works proclaim thy power divine: O'er nature wide thy glories shine; Through every month thy gifts appear, And blessings crown the rolling year.

HYMN 85.

The rising morn, the closing day, Repeat thy praise with grateful voice; Both in their turns thy power display, And, laden with thy gifts, rejoice.

Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes, All smiling round, thy hounty show; From seas or clouds, full magazines, Thy rich, diffusive blessings flow.

Now earth receives the precious seed, Which thy indulgent hand prepares, And nourishes the future bread, And answers all the sower's prayers.

Here, spreading flocks adorn the plain; There, plenty every charm displays; Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene, And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

HYMN 86.

Great God, we sing thy mighty hand, By which, supported still, we stand: The opening year thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still we are guided by our God; By his incessant bounty fed, By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own The future, all to us unknown, We to thy guardian care commit, And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed, Be thou our joy, and thou our rest; Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored through all our changing days.

HYMN 87.

Through every age, eternal God.

Thou art our rest, our safe abode; High was thythrone ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid. Long hadst thou reigned ere time began, Or dust was fashioned into man; And long thy kingdom shall endure, When earth and time shall be no more A thousand of our years amount Scarce to a day in thine account; Like yesterday's departed light, Or the last watch of ending night. Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flower Cut down and withered in an hour.

HYMN 88.

Father of mercies, in thy house Smile on our homage and our vows; While, with a grateful heart, we share These pledges of our Master's care. The Saviour, when to heaven he rose, In splendid triumph o'er his foes, Bestowed his gifts on men below, And wide his gracious bounties flow. So shall a bright succession run, Till the last courses of the sun; And churches rise, and souls rejoice, In tidings of the still small voice.

Our Saviour, Lord, their hearts shall know,—

The Spring whence all these blessings

Pastors and people shout his praise, And walk rejoicing in his ways.

- 4



by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.



VERSES 3, 4, 5.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works and ways and word; I love his just and holy laws, Thy works of grace how bright they shine, I love his word, I love his ways, How deep thy counsels, how divine!

And I shall share a glorious part, When grace refines my longing heart; For then in spirit I shall feel The blessing of celestial zeal.

When shall I see and hear and know All I desired or wished below, And every power find sweet employ In an unfading world of joy.

HYMN 90.

I love the Lord, I love his cause; I love to hear and sing his praise.

He gives me life, he gives me peace, And bids all jarring discord cease, Removes my doubts and calms my fears, And kindly dries affliction's tears.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath, And when my voice is lost in death, I'll praise him in bright worlds above, Where all is harmony and love.

BRIDGEWATER. SHILOH.

HYMN 91.

Father of lights! we sing thy name, Who kindlest up the lamp of day; Wide as he spreads his golden flame, His beams thy power and love display.

Fountain of good! from thee proceeds, In copious drops, the genial rain, Which o'er the hills, and thro' the meads, To labour in these scenes of night, Revives the grass, and swells the grain. To conquer by the power of love!

Yet thousands of our guilty race, Though by thy daily bounty fed, Affront thy law, reject thy grace.

Not so may our forgetful hearts O'erlook the tokens of thy care; But what thy liberal hand imparts, Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

So shall our suns more grateful shine, And showers in richer drops shall fall, When all our hearts and lives are thine, Spirit of bright, expanded wing, And thon, O God! enjoyed in all.

HYMN 92.

Awake the song that gave to earth Salvation in Immanuel's birth! Angelic tongues the strain began,-'Twas peace on earth, good will to man. And all the vale of Eden cheered.

Celestial peace! and is it ours To strike the harp on Salem's towers! To welcome back the dove that brings The balm of healing in her wings!

She comes! and, lo, the orphan's wail No longer loads the passing gale; Contentment sheds her sacred calm, And nature owns the sovereign balm.

She comes! and banner, spear, and plume, That led to conquest and the tomb, Wreathed with the olive, now adorn The triumph of salvation's morn.

HYMN 93.

O God, our Father and our King, Of all we have or hope the spring, Send down thy spirit from above, And warm our hearts with holy love.

With pity let our hearts o'erflow, When we behold another's woe; And bear a sympathizing part, With all who are of heavy heart.

Let love in all our conduct shine, An image fair, though faint, of thine; And thus may we thy children prove, The objects of thy boundless love.

HYMN 94.

Now for a tune of lofty praise To great Jehovah's gracious Son! Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays, To sing the wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light. The brightest of the host above,

Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread; Deep in the shades of earthly gloom. Slain by his foes, the Saviour lay! But, life renewed, he burst the tomb. And rose to everlasting day!

> And now amid the heavenly host, Around him ranks of angels bow! He who was slain, is honored most, And crowns adorn the Saviour's brow.

HYMN 95.

Brood o'er the chaos of the mind: Thy purest pleasures hither bring, And fill the soul with joy divine.

In paradise thy charms were known, When first the morning stars appeared. When light upon creation shone,

Thy birth was in that fountain clear, Which issues from the throne above. Where Mercy stoops our plaints to hear, Where flow the streams of sacred love.

Benevolence, thy smile imparts The sweetest joys to mortals given : Refines, directs, restrains our hearts, And cheers us with the bliss of heaven.

HYMN 96.

O thou to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, O prove my heart; it pants for thee, O burst its bands, and set it free!

If in this darksome wild I stray, Be thou my light and thou my way: No foes, no danger will I fear, If thou, my Father, wilt be near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, Thy timely aid do thou impart. To raise my head and cheer my heart.

O let thy name support me still. And lead me to thy holy hill, Where toil and pain, and grief shall cease. Where all is calm, and all is peace.



HYMN 98.

When doubts and fears prevailing rise, And fainting hope almost expires, To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes, To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Since thou art mine, my living Lord, My hope, my comfort cannot die! 'Tis fixed on thine eternal word,— Thereon in faith will I rely.

Since my immortal Saviour lives, My ground of hope is firm and sure; His word a strong foundation gives, And ever steadfast shall endure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell, For ever sure the promise stands: Not all the powers of sin and hell, Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose! Since thou art his, and Christ is thine, Not death itself, the last of foes, Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN 99.

Soon may the glorious song arise, Through all the millions of the skies,— That song of triumph which records, That all the earth is now the Lord's.

Let every tongue and nation be Obedient, mighty God, to thee; And over sea, and isle and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

O let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host in triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

HYMN 100.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see, A whole assembly worship thee! At once they sing, at once they pray, They hear of heaven and learn the way.

This blessing oft my soul would know,
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that mocking lips may say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord, The truth and precepts of thy word, That I may love thy law the more, And serve thee better than before.

With holy thoughts and scenes divine, Fill up this longing heart of mine, That faithful I may ever be, To all the laws derived from thee.

HYMN 101.

Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne All heaven in ceaseless worship waits; Whose glory fills the worlds unknown; Praise ye the Lord, from Zion's gates.

With mingling souls and voices join, To him the swelling anthem raise; Repeat his name with joy divine, And fill the temple with his praise.

All-gracions God, to thee we owe Each joy and blessing time affords; Light, life, and health, and all below, Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords. Thine be the praise, for thine the love,

Thine be the praise, for thine the love, That freely all our sins forgave, Pointed our dying eyes above, And showed us life beyond the grave.

Immortal life! this thought disarms. The terrors of our mortal shore; It brings to view eternal charms, When other comforts are no more.

HYMN 102.

Now to the Lord who built the skies, Let grateful songs of praise arise; By every tribe and every tongue, Now be his grace in concert sung.

Far as the rolling planets move, He spreads his mercy and his love; The tokens of his truth sublime, Are stamp'd on every land and clime.

So let his praises he expressed, From north to south, from east to west, And every heart that love adore, Which reigns and rules for evermore.

HYMN 103.

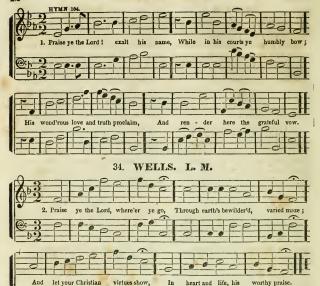
My opening eyes with rapture see The dawn of thy returning day; My thoughts, O Lord, ascend to thee, While thus my early vows I pay.

I yield my heart to thee alone, Nor would receive another guest: Eternal King! erect thy throne, And reign the monarch of my breast.

O bid each trifling thought retire, And drive each low desire away; With thy blest love my heart inspire, To guide and rule me all the day,

And to thy courts, when I repair, My soul shall rise on joyful wing, The wonders of thy grace declare, And join the strains that angels sing,

4 *



HYMN 105.

When Jesus, our Redeemer, came To teach us in his Father's name, His heart with kindness overflowed, And love in all his actions glowed.

So let our hearts and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works of virtue shine, To prove the doctrine all divine.

So shall we best the grace display Of love's subduing, kindling ray; And feel, in truth's celestial birth, That heaven may be enjoyed on earth.

So shall we best succeed to win The erring from the ways of sin, And prove, in purpose and in plan, Co-workers of the Son of Man.

HYMN 106.

Ye sons of men, with joy record The wonder-workings of the Lord; And let his power and goodness sound To earth's extended, utmost bound.

The radiant heavens the song invite, In all their realms of living light; And earth responds with grateful voice, While air and sea in Him rejoice.

But earth and sky, and sea and air, In hymns of praise will not compare With holy strains of joy above, In God's own realm of light and love.

On wings of faith, O may we soar To see and hear, and then adore, In that undimmed, unfading clime Of holiness and truth sublime.

HYMN 107.

Shout, for the great Redeemer reigns! Thro' distant lands his triumph spread; Forever firm his grace remains, And light and truth around are shed.

O may his conquests still increase, Till every knee in meekness bends, And every heart enjoys the peace Which all the joys of earth transcends.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb. From all below and all above; In songs of triumph laud his name, In strains as lasting as his love.

HYMN 108.

Eternal God! we bless thy name. And loud thy gracious 'ove proclaim; The tokens of thy friendly care, Begin, and crown, and close the year.

Supported by thy guardian hand, Amidst unnumbered deaths we stand, And see, amid thy various ways, Unnumbered monuments of praise.

Thus far thy hand has led us on-Thus far we make thy mercies known, And blessings yet for us in store, Will claim our thanks for evermore.

Lord, may the love conferred by thee, A quick'ning power of virtue be. That so the light of life may shine, A token of thy grace divine.

HYMN 109.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His realm extend from shore to shore, Till time and all its scenes are o'er.

For this shall constant prayer be made; Redemption claims the song of joy! For this his truth shall be displayed: And songs of joy and praise be heard, For blessings by his grace conferred.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns: The prisoner leaps to loose his chains: The weary find a peaceful rest, And every longing soul is blest.

Where he displays his healing power, Death and its sting are known no more; All nations shall its blessings prove. And darkest shadows flee away Before his truth's celestial ray.

O may our lives in virtue show The reign of Shiloh here below, That we may feel the glowing love Of hosts redeemed, in worlds above.

HYMN 110.

Once more, O Lord, let grateful praise In songs of joy to thee ascend: Thou art the Guardian of our days, Our first and best and changeless Friend.

Since every day and every hour, With mercy has been richly crowned. Thy love and wisdom, grace and power, Will evermore to us abound.

Hear, then, our parting hymn of praise, And bind our hearts in love divine; O may we walk in wisdom's ways. And ever feel that we are thine.

HYMN 111.

Within thy house, O Lord our God. In all thy glorious love appear: Make this a place of thine abode, And shed thy holy blessings here.

When we thy mercy-seat surround. Thy spirit, Lord, to us impart. And may thy gospel's joyful sound, With might divine reach every heart.

Here may the blind their sight obtain: Here give the contrite peaceful rest; May Shiloh here triumphant reign, And be by every soul confessed.

Here may the voice of humble joy, In faith and hope and love arise. Till higher strains our hearts employ In thine own kingdom in the skies.

HYMN 112.

O bless our God, ye nations round; Ye sons of men, adore his name: Let shouts of joy through earth resound And every tongue his love proclaim,

Loud thro' the land let triumph ring! Let praise be our divine employ, And pure the sacrifice we bring.

Shout to the Lord! adoring own The works his holy arm displays; His mighty hand has plainly shown The grace and truth of all his ways.

Low at the cross the world shall bow. And every kindred yet shall know The mercies of redeeming love.

O bless our God, ye nations round: Ye sons of men, adore his name: Let shouts of joy through earth resound, And every tongue his love proclaim.



HYMN 114.

No change of time shall ever shock My firm reliance, Lord, on thee; For thou hast always been my Rock, And evermore my Hope shalt be.

Thou our Deliverer art, O God! Our trust is in thy gracious power; Thou art our Shield from foes abroad, At home our Fortress and our Tower.

To thee will we address our prayer, To whom all praise we justly owe; For in thy ever-watchful care, We rest secure from every foe.

O may thy mercy be adored In every age and every clime; And every heart confess thee Lord, Throughout the lapse of varied time.

HYMN 115.

From every stormy wind that blows— From every swelling tide of woes— There is a calm, a sure retreat— 'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,— A place, than all besides more sweet— It is the Sayjour's mercy-seat.

There is a place where spirits blend, Communing with a common Friend; Though sundered far, by faith we meet Around his blessed mercy-seat.

O let my hand forget its skill, My tongue in death be cold and still,— This throbbing heart forget to beat, Ere I forget the MERCY-SEAT.

HYMN 116.

The glittering heaven's refulgent glow, And sparkling spheres of golden light, Jehovall's work and glory show, By burning day or gentle night. In silence through the vast profound, They move their orbs of fire on high, Nor speech, nor word, nor answering

sound
Is heard upon the tranquil sky.
Yet to the earth's remotest bar,
Their burning glory all is known;
Their living light has sparkled far,
And on th' attentive silence shone.

By sunny ray and starry throne, The wonders of our mighty Lord, To man's attentive heart are known, Bright as the promise of his word.

HYMN 117.

Lord, thou hast searched & seen me thro': Thine eye commands, with piercing view, My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs. My thoughts, before they are my own.

My thoughts, before they are my own, Are to my God distinctly known; He knows the words I mean to speak, Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand; On every side I find thy hand: Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.

O may these thoughts possess my breast Where'er I rove, where'er I rost! Nor let my weaker passions dare Consent to sin; for God is there.

HYMN 119.

For thee, O God, our constant praise In Zion waits, thy chosen seat; Our promised altars there we'll raise, And all our zealous vows complete.

O thou, who to our humble prayer Didst always bend thy listening ear, To thee shall all mankind repair, And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain To stop thy flowing mercy try; For thou wilt cleanse the guilty stain, And wash away the crimson dye.

Blest is the man, who, near thee placed, Within thy sacred dwelling lives; While we at humbler distance taste The vast delight thy worship gives.

HYMN 119.

Eternal source of every joy! Well may thy praise our lips employ, While in thy presence we appear, To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll, Thy will asserts supreme control. The sun is taught by thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies,

The changing seasons all confess Thy gracious care mankind to bless; Thy works, and word, and all thy ways, Invite our hearts to grateful praise.

Lord, in this house, may we appear To hail thee Sovereign of the year, Till we unite, with angel bands, In thy own house not made with hands,



HYMN 120.

Far as Creation's bounds extend, Thy mercies with thy glory blend; To thee, O Lord, thy works shall raise A chorus of unceasing praise, While saints to thee in hymns impart The transports of a grateful heart.

They sing the glories of thy name, And feel within the vital flame; And while thy wisdom they admire, To know thy love their hearts aspire; Thy love, O Lord, thy holy love, Is heaven below, is heaven above!

To every soul of all our race, Do thou reveal thy wondrous grace; And may thy mercy thousands win From ways of error and of sin;— May faith and hope and love increase, And fill the earth with joy and peace.

HYMN 121.

[In L. M. hymns, when sung in the above music, repeat the last two lines of each verse.]

Be thou, O God! exalted high; And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed; Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

O God! my heart is fully bent, Its thankful tribute to present; And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise To thee, in songs of ardent praise.

Thy praises shall, O Lord, resound To all the tribes and nations round; Thy love the highest heaven transcends, And deeper than our sins extends.

Be thou, O God! exalted high; And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

HYMN 122.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountains pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps he leads, Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O Lord, art with me still. Thy friendly staff shall give me aid, And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

Though, in a bare and rugged way, Through devious, lonely wilds I stray, Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,-The barren wilderness shall smile. With sudden greens and herbage crown'd, And streams shall murmur all around.

HVMN 123.

All-hail, Almighty power divine! Great cause of all, support, and end! Thy works display supreme design, Where love, and light, and wisdom blend. Revolving worlds thy laws obey, In all their bright and grand array.

Thy wisdom led a faithful band From stern oppression's iron rod, To people this, then desert, land, In freedom here to worship God; And thou wert with them, in thy pow'r, He lives, and we shall conquer death. To bless them in the trying hour.

Our Father's God-be ours the same: Still grant us thy protecting care; They knelt to bless thy hallowed name, Unveil the beauties of thy face, For mercies which we freely share. Secure to us, with blessings fraught, The freedom they so dearly bought.

May Freedom here forever dwell; Columbia's hills and vales rejoice. And generations rise to tell Where first they heard her cheering voice: And man enjoy Messiah's peace: And may thy love to each impart The freedom of the pure in heart.

HYMN 124.

Arrayed in clouds of golden light, More bright than heaven's effulgent bow, Jehovah's angel came by night. To bless the sleeping world below. How soft the music of his tongue! How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!

Good-will henceforth to man be given, The light of glory beams on earth: Let angels tune the harps of heaven, And saints rejoice in Shiloh's birth: In him all nations shall be blest. And his shall be a glorious rest.

HYMN 125.

Believers in the holy Lord! O bless him for his sacred word-The gracious word to mortals given, A token of the love of heaven: The teachings of the spirit's voice. Therein invite us to rejoice.

That precious word! O may we learn Its sacred blessings to discern, And with the mind the truth believe, And with the heart its grace receive. So shall our lives a comment prove On pure religion's holy love.

HYMN 126.

I know that my Redeemer lives! What joy this blest assurance gives! He lives! he lives! who once was slain! He lives! for evermore to reign! He lives! he ever reigns above! He lives to bless us with his love! He lives our longing souls to feed; He lives to help in time of need. He lives a mansion to prepare: He lives to guide us safely there: Be this our theme of joyous faith.

HYMN 127.

Shine forth in splendor, holy Lord, And let thy power attend thy word; In all the glories of thy grace.

Diffuse thy light and truth abroad, And be thou known the mighty God; So shall thy people joy in thee, And thou by them shalt honored be.

May sin, and woe, and error cease, So may salvation's light display, The joyous scenes of wisdom's way.



HYMN 128.

Sweet to the soul the parting ray, That ushers placid evening in, When with the still expiring day, The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin; How grateful to the anxious breast.

How grateful to the anxious breast, The sacred hours of holy rest!

I love the blush of vernat bloom, When morning gilds night's sullen tear, And dear to me the mournful gloom Of Autumn, Sabbath of the year: But purer pleasures, joys sublime, Await the dawn of holy time.

Hushed is the tumult of this day, And worldly cares and business cease; While soft the vesper breezes play, To hyper the glad return of peace.

To hymn the glad return of peace.
O season blest! O moment given,
To turn the vagrant thoughts to heav'n.

Oft as this hallowed hour shall come, O raise my tho'ts from earthly things, And bear them to my heavenly home, On living faith's immortal wings— Till the last gleam of life decay, In one eternal Sabbath Day.

HYMN 129.

The day is past, and toils and cares Are ended with the setting sun; And now, O Lord, our grateful prayers We bring to thee, thou blessed One. To thee we come with hearts sincere, And worship at thine altar here.

Thine, Father, thine is all the day, Its morning smiles, its moontide light, Its closing beauties, which delay The coming of the glorious night: All, all is thine: in tenderness, Thy mercies all thy children bless.

We come to thank thee for thy care: Thy goodness over us liath cast A sure defence from every snare. And dangers, of the day now past. We bless thee for thy favors given, For all the promises of heaven.

Father, we ask thy blessing still-Preserve us through the shades of night, And bring us, if it be thy will, To share in joy to-morrow's light. We know, while stars their vigils keep, That Thou, O Lord, wilt never sleep.

HYMN 130.

Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from thee. Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine. And lift the tearful eye above!

When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through golden vistas into heaven,-Those hues, that make the sun's decline So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'ershadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose Of deep, desponding, chilling fear; plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,-That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes, Far better is this light divine, Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh; And every flower the summer wreathes Than honours which deceitful shine, Is born beneath thy kindling eye. Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine. Hope is the anchor of the soul!

HYMN 131.

The week is past! its latest ray Is vanished with the closing day; And 'tis as far beyond our grasp. Its now departed hours to clasp, As to recall that moment bright, When first creation sprung to light.

The week is past! and has it brought Some beams of truly soothing thought? And has it left some memory dear Of heavenly raptures rested here? Or has it winged its flight in vain, Not to be enjoyed by us again!

O who would sigh for its return, Again therein to weep and mourn! The moments as they onward flow, Abridge the term of human woe; And bring us nearer to the scenes Where sorrows end and heaven begins.

HYMN 132.

There is a star whose gentle ray, Forever shines serenely bright, And beams upon the Christian's way To bless him with its holy light. From the eternal throne it gleams. And sheds on man its radiant beams.

When on life's stormy sea we ride, When all is dark, and all is drear, When fearful swells the foaming tide, Oh then its blessed ravs appear, And gently shed the light of love,

'Tis Christian Hope, the sweetest star That lights the pilgrim's onward way, And points to glorious joys afar, The joys of everlasting day. It dissipates the gathering gloom That frowns around the opening tomb.

O give me this in every hour O let me feel its heavenly power, The weariness of woe to cheer. Then earth's delusive dreams depart, And Christian Hope sustains the heart.

This sure and steadfast hope in heaven By earthly fame or glory given. Though winds arise, and billows roll,



HYMN 133.

Great God of wonders! all thy ways Display thine energy divine: But the rich glories of thy grace, More wondrous and unrivalled shine. Who is a pardoning God like thee? Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Angels and men resign their claim To pity, mercy, love and grace; These glories crown Jehovah's name, With an incomparable blaze: Who is a pardoning God like thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

In wonder lost, with trembling joy, In thy great mercy we believe; Nor pain nor sorrow can destroy The peace that we in faith receive. Who is a pardoning God like thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

O may thy rich, thy boundless grace, Thy universal, changeless love, Fill the wide earth with songs of praise, O thou, to whom in ancient time, And gladden angel-hosts above. Who is a pardoning God like thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

HYMN 134.

O thon, to whom, in ancient time, The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung, Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

Not now on Zion's height alone, Thy favored worshipper may dwell; Not where, at sultry noon, thy Son Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well: From every place below the skies, The grateful song, the fervent prayer The incense of the heart, may rise To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this thy house, whose doors we now For social worship first unfold, To thee the suppliant throng shall bow, While circling years on years are rolled. To thee shall age with snowy hair, And strength and beauty, bend the knee, And childhood lisp, with reverent air, Its praises and its prayers to thee.

The lyre of prophet bards was strung, To thee, at last, in every clime, Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

HYMN 135.

Great God, this sacred day of thine Demands our soul's collected powers: May we employ in work divine These solemn, these devoted hours; O may our soul's adoring own The grace which calls us to thy throne.

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly; Where God resides appear no more; Omniscient God, thy piercing eye Can every secret thought explore: O may thy grace our hearts refine, And fix our thoughts on things divine.

The word of life dispensed to-day, Invites us to a heavenly feast: May every ear the call obey; Be every heart an humble guest; May every mind thy truth believe, And every soul thy grace receive.

Thy spirit's powerful aid impart; O may thy word, with light divine, Engage the ear aid warm the heart; Then shall the day indeed be thine; Then shall our souls adoring own The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 136.

Thou art, almighty Lord of all, From everlasting still the same; Before thee dazzling seraphs fall, And veil their faces in a flame, To see such bright perfections glow—Such floods of glory from thee flow.

No mortal hand may dare to paint A semblance of thy glory, Lord: The brightest rainbow tints are faint; The brightest stars of heaven afford But dim effusions of thôse rays Of light that round Jehovah blaze.

The sun himself is but a gleam, A transient neteor. from thy throne; And every frail and fickle beam That ever in creation shone, Is nothing, Lord, to thee compared, As thou art in thy word declared.

But though thy brightness may create All worship from the hosts above, This most thy name must elevate,— Thou art, O Lord, a God of love; And mercy is the central sun Of all thy glories joined in one.

HYMN 137.

When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes, O Sun of righteousness divine, On me with beams of mercy shine; O chase the clouds of sin away, And turn my darkness into day.

As every day thy mercy spares Will bring its trials and its eares; O Saviour, till my life shall end, Be thou my Counsellor and Friend; Teach me thy precepts, all divine, And be thy pure example mine.

And, at my life's last setting sun, My conflicts o'er, my labors done, O be thy heavenly radiance shed, To cheer and bless my dying bed; And, from the gloom my spirit raise, To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 138.

O Thou whose glory fills all space, And clothes with beauty earth and sky, Whose presence lights up nature's face, With kindling splendors from on high; To thee all heaven their songs of praise, In holy joy unceasing raise.

Shine on our hearts with thy rich love, Make known the honors of thy name, Send down thy mercies from above, And let us feel thy spirit's flame, While we this house an offering bring, And consecrate it to our Kinz.

This temple, Lord, O deign to own, Accept it as the place of prayer! Fill it with glory from thy throne, And bless thy waiting children here: Let truth divine its courts adorn, And countless souls to bliss be born.

Here may salvation freely flow, And hope her radiant pinions plume; Here may our hearts with ardor glow, And thy free grace our souls illume: May all. O Lord, who here shall kneel, Their Saviour's gracious presence feel.

To God our Father, through his Son, By whom salvation was made known, Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven.



HYMN 139.

Great God, the universal frame Declares the glory of thy name: There thy rich works of wonder shine-A thousand starry beauties-there, A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless power and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night, The dawning and the dying light, Lectures of heavenly wisdom read; With silent eloquence they raise Our thoughts to our Creator's praise, And neither sound nor language need,

Yet their divine instructions run Far as the journeys of the sun, And every nation knows their voice: The sun, in robes of splendor drest, Breaks from the chambers of the east, Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice. Become well-pleasing in thy sight.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad, He smiles, and speaks his maker, God; All nature joins him in the praise: Thus God in every creature shines; Fair is the book of nature's lines, But fairer is the book of grace.

HYMN 140.

How precious, Lord, thy holy word! What light and joy its truths afford To souls benighted and distressed! Thy precepts guide our doubtful way; Thy fear forbids our steps to stray; Thy promise leads the heart to rest.

Thy law monition kind supplies, And warns us where our danger lies: While gospel-truth and grace divine Inspire the heart with filial love. Exalt and fix our hopes above. And make the willing spirit thine.

Forth from the precepts of thy law, What perfect rules of life we draw! Be these our study and delight; May every deed, and word, and thought, To truth and duty's standard brought,

O may thy word those faults reveal Which blind self-love may yet conceal, And from presumptuous sins restrain: Thus taught to use the book of grace, We'll raise a grateful song of praise That we possess it not in vain.

HYMN 141.

Let all the earth their voices raise. To sing a psalm of lofty praise, To sing and bless Jehovah's name: His glory let all people know, His wonders to all nations show, And all his saving works proclaim.

He fram'd the world, and form'd the sky, With all the shining orbs on high, And reigns in might and glory there: His beams are beams of life and light; His beauties how divinely bright ! His temples how divinely fair !

O haste the hour, the glorious hour, When earth shall feel his saving power, We'll love, and wonder and adore; And all the nations love his name : Then shall the reign of terror cease, And faith shall bring rejoicing peace, Where men the grace of God proclaim.

HYMN 142.

The hills and dales lift up their voice; Earth calls aloud, rejoice, rejoice, In love the Lord Almighty reigns: In him creation stands secure ; The hills and mountains still endure, And flowers adorn the humble plain.

The dashing waves as round they roll, From arctic to autarctic pole, In foaming surges lift their voice; They circling round the earth proclaim, That Love is His eternal name, And call aloud, rejoice, rejoice.

Day calls to day, and night to night, And darkness calls aloud to light,-Light calls to all the orbs above; They circling round, aloud declare, To all th' inhabitants of air, That God's eternal name is Love.

Shall man be mute? nay, join the song; There, low before his glorious throne, Exulting sing-the strain prolong, Nor ever let it have an end; While time endures, will we proclaim, That Love is his eternal name, And he the Universal Friend.

When earth and seas and light and air, Awaken every pure desire l No more this sacred truth declare, In joyous strains we'll sing above, While we behold his glorious face, And feel the spirit of his grace, That his eternal name is Love.

HYMN 143.

Repeat the first and third lines. Brethren, beloved for Shiloh's sake. A hearty welcome here receive: May we together now partake, The joys which he alone can give.

May he by whose kind care we meet, Send his good spirit from above. Make our communion pure and sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme. When thus we meet to pray and praise; We but desire to speak of him, And of his holy word and ways,

Then hasten on, the glorious day, When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 144.

To thee my heart, eternal King, Would now its thankful tribute bring; To thee its humble homage raise, In songs of ardent, grateful praise. All nature shows thy boundless love, In worlds below, and worlds above; But in thy sacred word I trace The richest glories of thy grace. There Jesus bids our sorrows cease, And gives the troubled conscience peace; Exalts our grateful feelings high, And points to mansions in the sky. For grace like this, O may our song Thro' endless years thy praise prolong. And distant climes thy name adore, Till time and nature are no more!

HYMN 145.

O for a sweet, inspiring ray, To animate our feeble strains, From that high realm of endless day. Where Christ our lov'd Redeemer reigns.

Adoring saints and angels fall; And with delightful transport own That he alone is Lord of all.

There, all the ransomed of the Lamb Shall join at last the heavenly choir O may the joy-inspiring theme,

Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal Our prospect of that blissful place, Till death remove this mortal veil, And we behold thee face to face.



HYMN 147.

Awake ye saints, and raise your eyes.
And lift your voices high!

Awake, and praise the wondrous love That shows salvation nigh.

Swift on the wings of time it flies,

Each moment brings it near; Then gladly view each closing day, And each revolving year.

Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise,

Not many mornings rise, Ere all its glories are revealed

To our admiring eyes.

Let time still speed its rapid course, And nature pass away;

Fast as they bring the night of death, They bring eternal day.

HYMN 148.

Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that, which wrapt The heathen world in gloom!

O what a sun which broke, this day, Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung; Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand grateful lips still join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings

To nations yet unborn.

HYMN 149.

While thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled.

To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed; That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour, O may these ever-varied scenes Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned when storms of sorrow lower, And may our grateful hearts perceive My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear, The gathering storm shall see: My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 150.

Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess; Thy goodness we adore; A spring, whose blessings never fail, A sea without a shore !

Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest,

In every golden ray; Love draws the curtains of the night, And love returns the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns, With all the bliss it yields; With joyful clusters loads the vines, With waving grain, the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord, Is in the gospel seen; There, like the sun, thy mercy shines, Without a cloud between.

There pardon, peace, and holy joy, Through Shiloh's grace are given: And children of the earth are blessed. As heirs of bliss in heaven.

Thy mercy, Lord, our souls confess, Thy goodness we adore: A spring, whose blessings never fail, A sea without a shore!

HYMN 151.

Hail, great Creator-wise and good! To thee our songs we raise; Nature, in all her varied scenes, Invites us to thy praise.

Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed; At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh wonders meet our view; And as we gaze, our hearts exult, With transports ever new.

. Thy glory beams in every star That gilds the gloom of night;

And decks the smiling face of morn, With rays of cheering light.

The lofty hill-the humble vale. With countless beauties shine: The silent grove-the awful shade, Proclaim thy power divine.

Our serious thoughts engage; Thy works' instructive page!

And while, in all thy wondrous works, Thy boundless love we see; O may our every thought be led, Through nature up to thee!

HYMN 152.

Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of ardent praise; For he is good, immensely good, And kind in all his ways.

All nature owns his guardian care, Around, beneath, above; But grace and truth still more declare The wonders of his love.

He sent his Son, the world to save, Nor ever to condemn; Despised of men, he still forgave, Nor ever injured them.

To him, O Lord, in faith we come, For here our hope relies; In him we find a peaceful home When storms of trouble rise.

Thine eye beholds, with kind regard, The souls who trust in thee; And thou their true and constant guard, For evermore wilt be.

O Lord, to thy unbounded love What honors shall we raise! Not all the raptured songs above, Can render equal praise!



HYMN 154.

O happy they who know the Lord, With whom he deigns to dwell! The mercies of his living word, Their every fear expel.

To them in each distressing hour. His throne of grace is near; To them, the tokens of his power, In heavenly grace appear.

In every scene his presence cheers, And makes each burden light: He kindly wipes away their tears, And gilds the gloom of night,

O may our souls supremely prize These tokens of his love : Till he shall bid our spirits rise, To worship him above.

· HYMN 155.

Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat, My soul for shelter flies; 'Tis there I find a safe retreat, When storms of sorrows rise,

My hope in thee can never die, Since thou art ever near: . Thy grace can hush each rising sigh, And banish every fear.

My great Protector, and my Lord, Thy constant aid impart, And ever may thy faithful word Be precious to my heart.

O never let my soul remove From this divine retreat; Still let me feel thy kindling love Before thy mercy-seat.

HYMN 156.

Creation's beauties o'er, All nature joins to teach thy praise,

And bids my soul adore.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise, And speak thy hand divine.

The living tribes of countless forms In earth, and sea, and air, The meanest flies, the smallest worms,

Almighty power declare. All rose to life at thy command,

And wait their daily food From thy paternal, bounteous hand, Exhaustless Spring of good!

HYMN 157.

What glory gilds the sacred page. Majestic like the sun! It gives a light to every age-It gives, but borrows none,

The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat: Its truths upon the nations rise-They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine For such a bright display: It makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue The paths of truth and love. Till glory break upon my view In brighter worlds above.

HYMN, 158.

Shine forth, eternal Source of light, And make thy glories known; Fill our enlarged, adoring sight With lustre all thy own.

Vain are the charms, and faint the rays, The brightest creatures boast; And all their grandeur and their praise Are in thy presence lost.

To know the Author of our frame Is our sublimest skill; True science is to learn his name, True life, to do his will.

For this I long, for this I pray; This let me still pursue, Till visions of eternal day Fix and complete the view.

HYMN 159.

Lord, when my raptured thought surveys Although no flowers the fig-tree bear, And vines their fauit deny; The labor of the olive fail. And fields no meat supply.

> Though from the fold, in sad surprise, My flock cut off I see; Though famine reign in empty stalls, Where herds were wont to be:

Yet in the Lord will I be glad, And glory in his love: In him I'll joy, who will the God Of my salvation prove.

He is the treasure of my soul, My source of lasting joy;

A joy, which want shall not impair, Nor death itself destroy.





Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim, With every fleeting breath; And may the music of thy name, Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 161.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove. With all thy quickening powers! Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below. Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love And that shall kindle ours.

The coldness we deplore shall melt In heaven's redeeming fire; And holiness and grace be felt In each renewed desire.

HYMN 162.

Joined in a union firm and strong, No foe our ranks can break: To victory we press along, And glorious warfare make. Darkness recedes, and sin shall die Before our banners spread; And foes of peace around us lie,

Or far away have fled. Our fervent prayers shall still prevail Against a lost of sins;

And angels every Christian hail Whose love a conquest wins. This warfare then let us pursue:

The van our Captain leads: Each conflict shall our strength renew,

To other glorious deeds.

With shield and buckler stand; A kingdom we at last shall find, The promised spirit-land.

Let all, with harmony of voice, In lofty praises join;

Let every soul in Christ rejoice, With rapture all divine.

The kindling flame begins to glow, Each heart grows warm with love;

And we enjoy, on earth below, The bliss of heaven above!

O thus forever may we feel, And evermore display

Devotion's pure and holy zeal, In Shiloh's chosen way.

HYMN 164.

Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one; Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds. To sing what God hath done.

It is the hope, the blissful hope, Which gospel grace hath given; The hope when days and years are past,

We all shall meet in heaven. What though the northern winds arise. And howl around our cot; Or though beneath the southern skies, Be cast our earthly lot: Yet still we share the blissful hope,

The Saviour's grace hath given, The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

Then let our ranks, more closely joined, From eastern shores, from northern lands, From western hill and plain,

From southern climes, the brother-bands May hope to meet again.

It is the hope, the blissful hope, Which love divine hath given ;

The hope when life and time are o'er, We all shall meet in heaven.

No hope deferred, no parting sigh, That blessed meeting knows: There friendship beams from every eye. And hope immortal grows.

It is the hope, the precious hope, Which boundless grace hath given: The hope when time shall be no more. We all shall meet in heaven.

HYMN 163.

My God, what silken cords are thine! How soft and yet how strong! For power, and truth, and grace combine, And sinners in that spirit-flood, To draw our souls along.

When crushed beneath the heavy yoke Dear, dying Lamb, thy vital grace Of folly and of sin,

Thy hand our iron bondage broke, Our grateful hearts to win.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins Thy mercy takes away; Thy promise, when the war begins, Secures the crowning day.

Drawn by such chords, we onward move, And when my pilgrim course is o'er, Till round thy throne we meet, And freemen in the bonds of love,

Our songs of joy repeat.

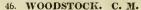
HYMN 165.

There is a fountain filled with blood. Drawn from Immanuel's veins: Lose all their guilty stains.

Shall never lose its power; Nor shall it rest till all our race Are blest for evermore l

E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming grace has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

In fairer worlds above. Thy gracious mercy I'll adore, And sing thy wondrous love.





HYMN 167.

O Thou, enthroned in worlds above, Our Father and our Friend; Low at the footstool of thy love, Thy children humbly bend.

All reverence to thy name be given; Thy kingdom wide displayed; And as thy will is done in heaven, Be it on earth obeyed.

Our table may thy bounty spread, From thy exhaustless store; Give us each day our daily bread; We would not ask for more.

That pardon we to others give, Do thou to us extend; From all temptations, O relieve; From every ill defend.

To thee belongs, O Lord Most High, The kingdom, glory, power, Thro' the wide earth and spacious sky, Both now and evermore.

HYMN 168.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart, Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee Inspire each lifeless tongue: And let the joys of heaven impart, Their spirit to our song.

Thy kindling love alone can raise In us the heavenly flame,-Alone inspire the vital praise, Of glory to thy name.

Dear Saviour, may thy glory shine, And fill thy dwelling here, Till in the bliss of light divine, A heaven on earth appear.

HYMN 169.

And can my heart aspire so high, To say 'My Father! God!' Lord, at thy feet, I fain would lie, And learn to kiss the rod.

I would submit to all thy will, For thou art good and wise, Bid every anxious thought be still, Nor one faint murmur rise.

Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom, And bid me wait serene, Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,

And brighten all the scene. My Father! O permit my heart

To plead its humble claim, And ask the bliss those words impart, In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 170.

Thou dear Redeemer, dving Lamb! We love to hear of thee; No music like thy charming name, So sweet or dear can be.

The gentle whisper of thy voice, Allays each doubting fear ; It bids the trembling soul rejoice, And dries the falling tear.

This, this shall be our constant theme. And this our thrilling joy; The praises of our Saviour's name, Shall be our sweet employ.

HYMN 171.

With sacred joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms above, That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells eternal Love.

Before the radiant throne we bow Of heaven's almighty King: Here we present the solemn vow, And hymns of glory sing.

Our filial duty pay;

Thy service, unconstrained and free, Conducts to endless day.

While in the house of prayer we kneel With trust and holy fear, Thy mercy and thy truth reveal, And lend a gracious ear.

HYMN 172.

Eternal Source of joys divine, To thee my soul aspires: O could I say, The Lord is mine! 'Tis all my soul desires.

Thy smile can give me real joy. Ummingled and refined, Substantial bliss without alloy, And lasting as the mind.

Thy smile can gild the shade of woe, Bid stormy troubles cease, And spread the dawn of heaven below,

And sweeten pain to peace. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord,

Assure me of thy love; O speak the kind, transporting word, And bid my fears remove.

Then shall my thankful powers rejoice, And triumph in my God,

Till heavenly rapture tune my voice To sound thy praise abroad.



shades of death, Which lights thro' darkest shades of death,

HYMN 174.

When verdure robes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in every gale,

How sweet the vernal day!

'Tis nature's cheerful voice: Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice.

O God of nature and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts impart; Then shall my meditation trace Spring, blooming in my heart.

Inspired to praise, I then shall join Glad nature's cheerful song: And love, and gratitude divine Attune my joyful tongue.

HYMN 175.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly Above these gloomy shades, To that celestial world on high, Which sorrow ne'er invades !

There, joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In every blooming prospect rise,

Exposed to no decay. Lord, send a ray of light divine

To guide our upward aim! With one reviving look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.

Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing, Our ardent souls shall rise, To scenes of joy, where pleasures spring, Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 176.

My Shepherd will supply my need; Jehovah is his name;

In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back When I forsake his ways, And leads me, for his mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

When passing through the vale of death, O all ye nations, praise the Lord; Thy presence is my stay; One word of thy supporting breath,

Drives all my fears away.

The mercies of the living God, Attend me all my days; O may thy house be my abode, And all my work be praise.

HYMN 177.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears, To our believing eyes! The former things have past away.

And earth, and sea, and skies!

Hark! how the feathered warblers sing! From heaven above, where God resides, That holy, happy place, The New Jerusalem comes down. Adorned with shining grace.

> The light of mercy long obscured, Now dawns on earth again, For God himself in grace declares His dwelling is with men!

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye; And pains, and groans, & griefs & fears, And death, itself, shall die!

How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay ? Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day,

HYMN 178.

Redeeming Spirit, O behold A world by sin destroyed! Creating Spirit, as of old, Move on the formless void!

Give thou the word! the healing sound Shall quell the deadly strife, And earth again, like Eden crowned, Bring forth the tree of life.

If rang the morning stars for joy, When nature rose to view, What strains will angel harps employ, When thou shalt all renew!

And if the sons of God rejoice To hear a Saviour's name, How will the ransomed raise their voice. To whom that Saviour came!

Lo, every kindred, every tribe, Assembling round the throne. The new creation shall ascribe To sovereign love alone.

HYMN 179.

His glorious deeds proclaim: The wonders of his grace record, And laud his mighty name.

His love is great, his mercy sure, And faithful is his word : His truth forever shall endure; Forever praise the Lord!



HYMN 180.

Joy to the earth! the Prince of Peace His banner has unfurled;

Let sin, and woe, and error cease,
And joy pervade the world!

Praise ye the Lord! for truth and grace His word and life display;

Let every soul his love embrace, And own its kindling sway.

Joy to the earth! let every tongue His gracious name extol;

To him our hymns of praise belong, For he is Lord of all.

Laud ye his name! his wondrous love In thankful joy record;

Let every heart his mercies prove,
The mercies of the Lord.

HYMN 181.

Praise ye the Lord! be our employ In triumph to rejoice; Let every soul, in holy joy, Lift up the grateful voice.

Peace on the earth, good will to men, Embraced the gospel plan;

Embraced the gospel plan; Let that high strain be heard again, Which angel tones began.

Glory to God! his praise transcends
The noblest flight of thought;
Yet faith to love her pinion lends,
And finds the blessing sought.

Joy to the isles and lands afar, Messiah reigns above; Let every eye behold the star,

et every eye behold the star, The star of light and love.







Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all,

And when with yonder sacred throng We at his feet shall fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all,

HYMN 183.

Ye kindreds of the earth, rejoice With ransomed hosts above; In pure devotion tune each voice, To sing to God is Love.

In wisdom, might and love, display'd Within us and abroad,

The eye of mind may clearly read
The spirit of our God.
6*

Each token of his gracious care
The heart of man should move,
In grateful praises to declare
His mercy and his love.

And when by faith and hope we see The record of his will. Our chiefest happiness should be

Our chiefest happiness should b His counsel to fulfil.

O may our souls the quick'ning feel Of mercy's heavenly Dove, And in his fear forever dwell, And know that God is Love.

HYMN 184.

O bless the Lord of Light, who came From darkness to release; Give glory to his honored name, And crown him Prince of Peace.

Praise him whose reign of truth and grace Shall evermore increase, Until each soul of all our race, Shall own him Prince of Peace.

When finished is his plan of love, All sin and woe shall cease;

All sin and woe shall cease; And every tongue, in heaven above, Shall own him Prince of Peace.



HYMN 186.

O Saviour, warm each languid heart, Inspire each lifeless tongue, And let the joys of heaven impart Their spirit to our song.

Sorrow and pain, and every care, And every toil shall cease,

And perfect joy and love sincere Adorn the reign of peace.

The soul, from sin forever free. Shall feel its sting no more,

But crown'd with light, and blest of thee. Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad, Redeeming love adore.

Our feeble notes inspire, Till in thy blissful courts above, We join the angel-choir.

HYMN 187.

Rejoice, believer, in the Lord, Who makes thy cause his own: Reliance on his holy word Cannot be overthrown.

Though many foes beset thy road, And feeble is thine arm.

Thy life is hid with Christ in God, Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as thou art, thou shalt not faint, Or fainting, shalt not die;

The hope and strength of every saint, Will aid thee from on high.

He who all trials overcame. Still watcheth over thee: And, trusting in his blessed name, Triumphant thou shalt be.

HYMN 188.

Fountain of mercy! God of love! How rich thy bounties are! The varied seasons, as they move, Proclaim thy constant care.

The Spring's sweet breath, O Lord, was thine,

All nature to renew; Thou gav'st the summer's sun to shine, And sent the rain and dew.

Thy wondrous mercies from above, Matured the swelling grain;

A kindly harvest crowns thy love, And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway

Which everywhere prevails; Seed-time and harvest, night nor day, Nor mercy, ever fails.

HYMN 189.

Awake, my soul, to sound his praise, Awake, my tongue, to sing; Join all my powers the song to raise, And grateful tribute bring.

Among the people of his care, And through the nations round, Glad songs of praise will I prepare, And there his name resound.

Be thon exalted, O our God, Above the starry frame; And teach the world thy name.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love, So shall we in thy truth rejoice, With angel-hosts above; And sinners hear thy gracious voice, And taste redeening love.

HYMN 190.

O, for a thousand tongues, to sing My dear Redeemer's praise The glories of my Lord and King, The triumphs of his grace!

Jesus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease .-'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks, and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive:

The mournful, broken hearts rejoice, The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come, And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN 191.

Come, ye who know and fear the Lord, And raise your thoughts above ; Let every heart and voice accord, To sing that God is Love.

This precious truth his word declares, And all his mercies prove;

The Saviour of mankind appears, To show that God is Love.

In all his doings, he displayed The spirit of the dove:

For those who injured him, he praved, To show that God is Love.

With him at last mankind shall reign In brighter worlds above,

And in each pure and holy strain, Will sing that God is Love.



HYMN 193.

My God! my Father! blissful name! O may I call thee mine! May I, with full assurance, claim A portion so divine!

This can my every fear control, And bid my sorrows fly; What harm can ever reach my soul, Beneath my Father's eye!

Whate'er thy holy will denies I freely would resign: For thou art good, and just and wise; O bend my will to thine.

If pain and sorrow rend this frame, And life almost depart. Thy mercy ever is the same, To cheer my drooping heart.

Though dark thy ways, O may we own Though earth and all its joys be dim. That they are always right, And feel that hope in thee alone,

Is precious in thy sight.

HYMN 194.

We eat, dear Lord, the broken bread, And drink the flowing wine; And at thy table here outspread, Partake of joys divine.

The broken bread! thy body here In emblem is expressed; Thy living grace may we revere,

Thy dying love attest. The flowing wine! thy precious blood In enablem is supplied;

O may our hearts, by grace subdued, In thy great love abide.

HYMN 195.

Life is a span, a fleeting hour; How soon the vapor flies! Man is a tender, transient flower, That in the blooming dies.

The once-loved form, now cold and dead, Yet like an idle tale we pass Each mournful thought employs, And nature weeps her comforts fled.

And withered all her joys. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,

When what we now deplore Shall rise in full immortal prime, And bloom to fade no more.

Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears; Religion points on high;

There everlasting spring appears, And joys that never die.

HYMN 196.

Why do we mourn departing friends. Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms.

Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb? The grave, where once our Saviour lay, Hath lost its fearful gloom.

That calm repose his presence blest, That cold but quiet bed!

Where should the dying members rest, But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose-and now commends To us his gracious charms! The glory that his truth attends, Death of its sting disarms.

On him in faith rely; Our life is hid with God in him; That life can never die!

HYMN 197.

Since all the varying scenes of time Our Father's eye surveys, O who so wise to choose our lot. Or to appoint our ways!

Good, when he gives, supremely good, Nor less when he denies: Even crosses from his gracious hand,

Are blessings in disguise. Why should we doubt a Father's love.

So constant and so kind! To his unerring, gracious will, Be every wish resigned,

HYMN 198.

Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds Of the revolving year; How swiftly time completes its rounds, How brief they all appear!

The swiftly-gliding year, And study how we may increase The speed of its career.

Waken, O God, my careless heart, Its great concern to see. That I may act the Christian part,

And give the year to thee. So shall their course in pleasure roll,

If future years arise; Or this shall bear my waiting soul To joys beyond the skies.



HYMN 200.

God of our lives! thy various praise Our voices shall resound; Thy hand directs our fleeting days,

And brings the seasons round.

To thee shall grateful songs arise, Our Father and our Friend; Whose constant mercies from the skies, Through all the shining legions ran, In genial streams, descend.

In every scene of life, thy care, Thy boundless love we see: And constant as thy favors are, So should our praises be.

Still may thy love in every scene, To every age, appear, And may the same compassion deign To bless each coming year.

HYMN 201.

Let songs of praises fill the sky! Behold the risen Lord, Sends down his spirit from on high,

To seal his blessed word.

That spirit, by his heavenly breath, New life creates within, And raises from the fearful death Of darkness and of sin.

The things of Christ the spirit takes, And shows them unto men; The humble soul his temple makes, And Eden blooms again.

Come, holy spirit, from above, With thy celestial fire; With faith, and hope, and holy love, Each longing heart inspire.

HYMN 202.

O for a shout of sacred joy, To God the sovereign King! Let every land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing.

Angelic hosts resound his praise, In pure and joyous strains! Let all the earth his honors raise; O'er all the earth he reigns.

In spirit and in truth proclaim The glories of his love; In spirit and in truth, his name Is sung by all above.

Partakers of their holy joy, Be pure the praise we bring; Let every land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing.

HYMN 203.

Mortals, awake! with angels join, And chant the solenin lay Joy, love, and gratitude combine To haif th' auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began, And sweet seraphic fire

And strung and tuned the lyre.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew, And loud the echo rolled:

The theme, the song, the joy was new. 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down through the portals of the sky Th' impetuous torrent ran; And angels flew, with eager joy, To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout, And glory leads the song; Good-will and peace are heard throughout

Th' harmonious heavenly throng. Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail! Redeemer, Brother, Friend!

Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail, Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 204.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night.

All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down. And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind,) 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all mankind.'

All hail the triumph and the joy, Of great salvation's morn! A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, To man, that day was born !

Well might the angel feel the glow Of love's celestial fire! Well might the theme exalt the strains Of heaven's angelic choir:

' All glory be to God on high,' The joyous song began;

' Peace to the nations of the earth, Peace, and good-will to man!'

' Fear not!' is still the joyous cry Re-echoed from above!

' Fear not !' good tidings of great joy, Is still the strain of Love.



HYMN 206.

The Saviour! O what varied charms Dwell in that blissful sound! Doubt it expels, and fear disarms, And spreads delight around.

Here pardon, life and joy divine, In rich effusion flow, For guilty man, deprayed by sin,

And lost in hopeless woe!

O wondrous depth of grace divine, My soul would fain adore: Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine, And I will ask no more.

By thee in all things richly blest, Before thy cross I fall; Thou art my Hope, my Life, my Rest, My Saviour, and my All!

HYMN 207.

Eternal Source of truth and grace, Our best desires fulfil; May we thy wondrous love embrace, And learn to do thy will.

In all thy mercies, may our hearts Devoutly grateful be; Nor let the gifts thy love imparts Estrange our souls from thee.

In every scene of ill resigned, May we submission learn ; And ever strive, with humble mind, Thy wisdom to discern.

Do thou direct our steps aright, And, walking in thy fear, May we regard thy heavenly light, And ever persevere.

So may we find that wisdom's ways Are ways of perfect peace; And feel the glow of warmer praise, As we in joy increase.

HYMN 208

How rich thy favors, God of grace! How various, how divine ! Full as the ocean they are poured, And bright as heaven they shine.

God to eternal glory calls, And points the blissful way To realms of perfect peace and joy, Where reigns unclouded day.

The songs of everlasting years That mercy shall commend, Which leads, thro' sufferings of an hour, While all the armies of the sky To joys that never end.

HYMN 209.

Indulgent God, whose bounteous care O'er all thy works is shown,

O let my grateful praise and prayer Arise before thy throne.

What mercies has this day bestowed I How largely hast thou blest! My cup with joy has overflowed.

With cheerfulness my breast.

In peaceful sleep I'll close my eyes, From pain and sickness free:

O let my waking thoughts arise, To meditate on thee.

Thus bless each future day and night, Till all life's scenes are o'er; In realms of endless life and light, Thy mercy I'll adore.

HYMN 210.

The Saviour calls! let every ear Attend the heavenly sound! Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear: Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty, longing heart, The streams of mercy flow; And life, and health, and bliss impart A balm for every woe.

Here springs of sacred pleasure rise, To ease your every pain; And he who here in faith applies,

Will not apply in vain.

The fountain flows, and ever flows! O hearken to the voice, That bids you here relieve your woes, And in the Lord rejoice.

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts. For thou alone canst draw; Display the joy thy grace imparts, The spirit of thy law.

HYMN 211.

Salvation! O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin. At death's dark door we lay: But we arise, by grace divine, To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, Conspire to raise the sound.



HYMN 213.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost

Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts on my soul Thy tender care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.

When, in the slippery paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran, Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou With health renewed my face, And when in sins and sorrows sunk, Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

HYMN 214.

O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I knew the Lord! Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word!

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

In thee alone my longing heart,
A comforter can find;
Thy joyous presence can impart
Salvation to the mind.

Abide with me, and be thy voice Again in pardon heard; So shall I evermore rejoice To know and serve the Lord.

HYMN 215.

Life but a fleeting vapor is!
How soon its dreams are past!
However bright its scenes of bliss,
We feel they cannot last.

Time hasteth, as a post, away, Or, like an arrow, flies; The flower that brightly blooms to-day, To-morrow droops and dies!

Yet, gracious God! our fleeting days
Thy constant favors share;
And blessings, in thy truth and grace,
Thou ever dost prepare.

In all thy doings, thou art good,
And all thy ways are love;
Thou sheddest on our pilgrim-road
The day-spring from above.

Thy mercies know nor depth nor bound, A sea without a shore! O may our hearts with love abound, That we may praise thee more!

In every scene of woe or weal, May we revere thy will, And evermore thy blessing feel, While we thy law fulfil.

HYMN 216.

Father of mercies, in thy word What endless glory shines! Forever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find—Riches above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows And yields a free repast; Sublimer sweets than nature knows Invite the longing taste.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light.

Divine Instructer! gracious Lord!

Be thou forever near;

Teach me to love thy sacred word,

And view my Saviour there.



VERSES 3-6.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart. Which, like the plants that throw

Breathe sweetness out of woe:

When joy no longer soothes or cheers, And e'en the hope, that threw

A moment's sparkle o'er our tears, Is dimmed and vanished too.

O who would bear life's stormy doom, Did not thy wing of love

A peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow, touched by thee, is bright With more than rapture's ray, As darkness shows us worlds of light,

We never saw by day!

HYMN 218.

There is a flower-a holy one-That blossoms on my path; Their fragrance from the wounded part, No need of dew, or daily sun. Or falling showers, it hath.

> It blooms as brightly in the storm As in the cloudless sky, And rears unharmed its humble form, When others fade and die.

That plant is Faith: its holy leaves Reviving odor shed, Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom, Where pain is felt, or sorrow grieves O'er mansions of the dead.

> God is its sun-his living light In happy hours he lends, And silently, in sorrow's night His heavenly dew descends.



VERSES 3-6.

How many blessings round me shone, Where'er I turned my eye!

How many passed almost unknown, Or unregarded by !

Each rolling year new favors brought From thy exhaustless store:

But ah! in vain my laboring thought Would count thy mercies o'er.

While sweet reflection through my days There is a voice, a cheering voice, Thy bounteous hand would trace,

The blessings of thy grace.

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord! For favors more divine,-

That I have known thy sacred word, Where all thy glories shine.

HYMN 220.

There is a hope-a blessed hope-More precious and more bright. Than all the varied forms of joy The world esteems delight.

There is a star-a lovely star-That lights the darkest gloom, And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er

The prospect of the tomb. That lifts the soul above;

Still dearer blessings claim thy praise, - Dispels distrustful, anxious doubts, And whispers, God is Love.

> That voice is heard from Zion's height, And speaks the soul forgiven. That star is revelation's light-

That hope, the hope of heaven.

7 *



Verses 2-5.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be exalted thus:

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply, For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive

Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift thy glories high, And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name

To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 222.

Author of good, we rest on thee: Thine ever-watchful eye

Alone our real wants can see, 'Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within us dwell,

Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love shall vainer loves expel;
That fear all fears beside.

And since, by passion's force subdued, Too oft, with stubborn will,

We blindly shun the latent good, And grasp the specious ill,—

Not what we wish, but what we want, Let mercy still supply:

The good, unasked, O Father, grant; The ill, though asked, deny.

HYMN 223.

Great God, to thee, my grateful tongue My fervent thanks shall raise; Inspire my heart to raise the song Which celebrates thy praise.

Thy wisdom all creation planned, And all in love contrived; From thy creative, forming hand, My being I derived.

Thy power in all thy works and ways, Around us and above, In every varied form displays

The tokens of thy love.

In joyous rapture sing ;

Of our eternal King.

And universal love.

For all the sons of men

Engraved as in eternal brass

Those everlasting lines.

The joyful promise shines,

Beneath the shadow of thy wings, In safety we repose; Thy mercies are the living springs From which all blessing flows.

May we proclaim thy worthy praise, In every fleeting breath, And be at last, through thy free grace, Triumphant over death.

HYMN 224.

Proclaim the wise and gracious name,

Sing of his wondrous faithfulness,

Which all his people prove;

Sing of the promise of his grace,

Proclaim salvation from the Lord

His hand has traced the holy word With an immortal pen.

HYMN 226.

Songs of immortal praise belong To my almighty God: He has my heart, and he my tongue. To spread his name abroad.

How great the works his hand has wro't! How glorious in our sight ! And men in every age have sought His wonders with delight,

How most exact is nature's frame! How wise its Maker's mind! His counsels never change the scheme Which his first thoughts designed.

Nature and time, and earth and skies, Thy heavenly skill proclaim: What shall we do to make us wise. But learn to read thy name?

To fear thy power, to trust thy grace, Is our divinest skill; And he's the wisest of our race, Who best obeys thy will.

HYMN 227.

Begin, my tongue, the heavenly theme; Bright was the guiding star that led, With mild benignant ray, The shepherds to the lowly shed. Where the Redeemer lay.

> But lo! a brighter, clearer light Now points to his abode; It shines through sin and sorrow's night, To guide us to our God.

O haste to follow where it leads; The gracious call obey, Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads, Our onward, pilgrim-way.

O gladly tread the narrow path While light and grace are given; A bright and joyous end it hath,-It ends in rest in heaven.

HYMN 225.

Eternal Source of life and light, Supremely good and wise To thee we bring our grateful vows, Which thou wilt not despise.

Nor can the powers of darkness raze

Each dark and erring mind illume, With truth's celestial rays, That so each heart, in sacred love, May glow with fervent praise.

Conduct us safely by thy grace Through life's uneven road, To pleasures which forever dwell

In thy divine abode.

HYMN 228.

How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given! Bright as the sun its teachings shine, To guide us on to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts, And wipes away our tears; Life, light and blessing it imparts, And quells our rising fears.

This heavenly ray, through all the night Of life, shall guide our way, Till we behold the clearer light Of love's eternal day.



HYMN 230.

When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,

I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurled,

Then I can smile at envy's rage, And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home, My God, my Heaven, my All.

There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 231.

- O blest are they who feel the love A Saviour's grace bestows! The fountain springs in worlds above, And freely here it flows.
- O blest are they who now believe The promise of his word!

Their hearts in joyous faith receive
The blessing of the Lord.

O blest are they who worship here, Who sing, and praise, and pray! To them who thus their Lord revere,

Appears a heavenly day.

But O how blest, divinely blest, Are they in courts above, Who now enjoy his heavenly rest. The rest of endless love!



On him the spirit, largely poured, Exerts its sacred fire;

Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray,

And on the eye, oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure,

And, with the treasures of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And earth's remotest regions sound Thine all-sufficient name.

HVMN 233.

My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet Morning-Star,
And he my rising Sun.

The opening heavens around me shine, With beams of sacred bliss,

While Jesus shows his heart is mine, And whispers, I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay At that transporting word, Run up with joy the shining way, To meet my dearest Lord.

Nor fearing pains nor ghastly death, I'd break through every foe; The wings of love and arms of faith Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 234.

In duties and in conflicts too,
Thy path, O Lord, I trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

Inspired with love, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;

O may thy love my soul excite Thy precepts to fulfil.

Devotion. meekness, zeal and love, Through all thy conduct shine; O may my whole deportment prove, An image, Lord, of thine.



HYMN 236.

Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind.—

Eternal Wisdom has prepared A soul-reviving feast, And bids our longing appetites

The rich provision taste.

Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,

Here you may quench your raging thirst With streams that never dry.

HYMN 237.

Lord, when together here we meet, And taste thy heavenly grace, Thy joys are so divinely sweet, We're loth to leave the place.

But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O may thy gracious presence still
With every one remain.

O may we all in Christ be one, Bound with the cords of love, Till we, before thy glorious throne, Shall meet with him above.

HYMN 238.

O thou, whose power the mountains There everlasting spring abides formed,

And never-withering flowers;

And made the sea its bed; Who set the raging waves their bound, And all their caverns hid;

The mountains thy commands obey;
The seas thy power confess;
Thou dost their caverns deep survey,

And every dark recess.

O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord, Wilt thou thy hand extend, And to thy gracious, pardoning word, Their lofty summits bend.

And over sin's wild raging sea, May thy pure spirit move: And cleansed may every feeling be By thy redeeming love,

In darkest caverns of the heart
Wilt thou thy light display,
And to the mental eye impart
Thy own eternal day.

HYMN 239.

Father of all, whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand, Presume thy bolts to throw, And deal destruction round the land, On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart, Still in the right to stay; If I am wrong, O teach my heart To find that better way.

Mean though I am, not wholly so, Since quickened by thy breath; Lord, lead me wheresoe'er I go, Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space, Whose altar, earth, sea, skies, One chorus let all beings raise, All nature's incense rise.

HYMN 240.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers;
The dark, deep sea of death, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the darkling gloom In living green appear; And light and life and glory, bloom

In that unfading sphere.

The land from Pisgah's top beheld, Has long been waste and drear, And Israel's sons are thence exiled, In trembling and in fear.

But in the heavenly land sublime,
By sin nor woe defiled,
There cometh not the blight of time,
And none are thence exiled.

O there the stream of blessing flows
From love's eternal fount,
Which bursts where light forever glows
Around the holy mount.



HYMN 242.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields, arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight l'

There generous fruits, that never fail, On trees immortal grow;

With milk and honey flow. All o'er those wide-extended plains

Shines one eternal day; There God, the sun, forever reigns, And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore: Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,

Are felt and feared no more. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?

HYMN 243.

O all ye lands, in God rejoice, To him your thanks belong In strains of rapture, let each voice Unite to raise the song.

O enter ye his courts with praise, His love to all proclaim ; To God the song of triumph raise, And laud his worthy name.

The Lord is good, supremely good, His mercy ever sure; His truth in ages past has stood, And ever shall endure.

HYMN 244.

O all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great Redeemer sing! Ye pilgrims, who his grace record, Be joyful in your King.

His hand divine shall lead us on. Through all the blissful road, Until before the radiant throne. We rest in his abode.

And when, arrayed in robes of peace, Before that throne we bow, The garlands of immortal grace Shall hloom on every brow.

HYMN 245.

Joy to the world-the Lord is come ! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth-the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ While fields, & floods, rocks, hills, & plains, Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; There rocks, and hills, & brooks, & vales, He comes to make his blessings flow

Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.

HYMN 246.

Afar from all these scenes of night. Unbounded glories rise, And realms of joy and pure delight. Unseen by mortal eyes.

Fair spirit-land!-could mortal eyes But half its charms explore, How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!

No cloud those blissful regions know-Realms ever bright and fair! For sin, the source of mortal woe. Can never enter there.

O may the heavenly prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love ! Till wings of faith, and strong desire, Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine, For thy bright courts on high: Then bid our spirits rise, and join The chorus of the sky.

HVMN 247.

Great Shepherd of thy people, hear ! Thy spirit now display; Assembled in the house of prayer, O give us hearts to pray!

The veil that hides thee from our sight, Do thou in grace remove; Unveil to us thy saving light, The glory of thy love.

Give us to feel that every hour, Thy love is o'er our race; And may the creatures of thy power, Be children of thy grace.



HYMN 249.

The winds obey his will; He speaks, and in his heavenly height

The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land With threatening aspect roar: The Lord uplifts his awful hand, And chains you to the shore.

Without his high behest,

Ye shall not in the mountain-pine Disturb the sparrow's nest.

Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend, Ye monarchs! wait his nod, And bid the choral song ascend To celebrate our God.

HYMN 250.

Arise, ye people, and adore; The joyous theme record! Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Confess the risen Lord!

Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round, His power o'er death proclaim; The angel-choir respond the sound,

And glory in his name.

In that triumphant hour; And God exalts his conquering Son To his right hand of power.

O shout, ye people, and adore, For man shall be restored, And sing with joy for evermore, The triumph of the Lord!

HYMN 251.

Sing to the Lord, ye favored lands, Ye tribes of every tongue; His new-discovered grace demands A new and noble song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns, God's own anointed Son; In truth and mercy he maintains The justice of his throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day, Joy through the earth be seen; Let cities shine in bright array.

And fields in cheerful green. With joy lift up your wondering eyes, Ye islands of the sea;

Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise; Prepare the Saviour's way.

HYMN 252.

The Lord our God is clothed with might, Hark! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice, From his triumphant seat;

Midst all the war's tumultuous noise, How powerful and how sweet!

' Fight on, my faithful band,' he cries, Nor fear the mortal blow . Who first in such a warfare dies. Shall speediest victory know.

Howl, winds of night! your force combine; I have my days of combat known, And in the dust was laid; But thence I mounted to my throne,

And glory crowns my head. That throne and glory you shall share,

My hands the crown shall give; And you the radiant honors wear, While God himself shall live.

Lord, 'tis enough! thy word divine Inspires my zeal and love; Vain are th' assaults of earth and sin-Our hopes are fixed above,

HYMN 253.

Forever blessed be the Lord, My Saviour and my Shield; He sends his spirit with his word, To arm me for the field.

The pow'rs of darkness were o'erthrown When earth and sin their force unite. He makes my soul his care.

Instructs me in the heavenly fight, And guards me through the war. A friend and helper so divine,

My fainting hope shall raise; He makes the glorious victory mine, And his shall be the praise.

HYMN 254.

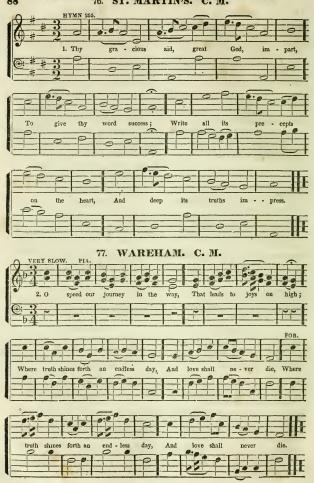
Triumphant Saviour! how divine Is thy victorious sword! The stoutest rebel must resign At thy commanding word.

Still may thy sword of truth prevail, In thy redeeming strife; Till slain of thee, the nations hail Thy name as Prince of Life.

Thy conquests shall be yet complete, And all our sinful race, With songs of love and praise shall greet

The triumphs of thy grace. Redeemed from sin, from error free,

They at thy feet shall fall, And thou by them shalt honored be, As gracious Lord of all.



HYMN 256.

God of my life, my morning song To thee in love I raise: To thee, O Lord, to thee belong, The strains of joyous praise.

Preserved by thy Almighty arm, I pass'd the shades of night, Serene, and safe from every harm, To see the morning light.

While many spent the night in sighs, And restless pains and woes. In gentle sleep I closed my eyes, And rose from sweet repose.

O let the same Almighty care, Through all this day attend: From every danger-every snare, My every step defend.

O may thy spirit's sweet control, Be felt in all my ways, And may thy mercies fill my soul With love and glowing praise.

HYMN 257.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice Returning from his ways; While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath. The Christian's native air; His watchword at the gates of death: He enters heaven with prayer.

O thou by whom we come to God-The Life, the Truth, the Way ! The path of prayer thyself hast trod-Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 258.

Dear Saviour, thy victorious love Can every fear control; Can bid our every doubt remove, And cheer the fainting soul.

Victorious love! thy wondrous power, From sin and death can raise; Can gild the dark, departing hour, And tune its sighs to praise.

In thy great love, the soul shall soar To thy exalted throne, Where pleasures flow for evermore,

And sorrow is unknown.

Before thy all-victorious love, The foes of man shall fall, And thou shalt be, in worlds above, Our Saviour and our All. 8*

HYMN 259.

Thou art the Way-to thee alone From sin and death we flee ; And he who would the Father seek. Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth-thy word alone True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind. And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life-the rending tomb Proclaims thy conquering arm, And those who put their trust in thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know, That truth to keep, that life to taste. Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 260.

O Lord, accept the sacred hour Which we to thee have given, And may this hallow'd scene have pow'r. To raise our souls to heaven.

Still may we hold, till life departs. The precepts of thy Son, Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts, Forget what he has done.

His true disciples may we live, From sin and error free, And humbly learn, like him, to give Our every power to thee.

And oft along our pilgrim-way, To smooth our passage through, Wilt thou, on this thy sacred day, This holy scene renew.

HYMN 261.

Behold what condescending love, Our blessed Lord displays! To such as these, his word extends The tokens of his grace.

He still the ancient promise keeps, In loving-kindness given; Young children in his arms he takes, And calls them heirs of heaven.

Forbid them not whom Jesus calls, Nor dare the claim resist. Since his own word to us declares,

Of such will heaven consist.

With flowing tears, and grateful hearts, We give them up to thee! Receive them, Lord, to thy embrace: Thine may they ever be.



HYMN 263.

To thee we raise our grateful songs, And praise thy glorious name; Thy love, O Lord, inspires our tongues, Thy mercy to proclaim.

Great Source of light, indulgent God, How rich thy mercies are! Teach us to spread thy name abroad,

And all thy truth declare. O glorious Sun of Righteonsness.

Diffuse thy beams divine; May we behold thy lovely face, And in thy image shine.

May thy pure light on Zion shine, The clouds of sin dispel; That peace, and life, and joy divine, In every heart may dwell.

May we be drawn to thee, O Lord, By blessings from above, United by the three-fold cord Of faith and hope and love.

So shall we feel the kindling glow Of thy celestial fire; And while we journey here below, To thy abode aspire.

May that bright day roll swiftly on When thou shalt reign below; And all beneath the circling sun, Thy full salvation know.

For this, O Lord, may every heart In constant prayer ascend, Till all shall see thee as thou art, And praise thee without end.

HYMN 264.

What glorious tidings do I hear From my Redeemer's tongue! I can no longer silence bear, I'll burst into a song.

The blind receive their sight with joy; The lame are now restored; The dumb their loosen'd tongues employ; Thy desert wastes with verdure bloom, The deaf can hear the word.

The dead are raised to life anew. By renovating grace; The glorious gospel's preached to you, The poor of Adam's race.

O wondrous type of things divine, When Christ displays his love, To raise from woe the sinking mind, To reign with him above!

HYMN 265.

Eternal God, in whom we live, In whom we are and move, The glory, power, and praise receive Of thy creating love.

Let all the bright angelic throng Give thanks to God on high, While earth repeats the joyful song, Which echoes through the sky.

Let each of all thy creatures be, Of all thy ransomed race, Devoted heart and mind to thee, For thy redeeming grace.

The grace on sinful men bestowed, Ye heavenly choirs proclaim, And cry, Salvation to our God! Salvation to the Lamb!

Thou author of redeeming grace, May all thy saints adore Thy saving truth, and ever bless Thy heart-renewing power.

Not angel-spirits can conceive, Thy love's ecstatic height; And we alone by faith receive, Its renovating light.

Eternal and unchanging Lord. Let all the hosts above. Let all the sons of men record Thy universal love.

When time and earth are fled away, Before thy glorious face, Mankind shall sing, in endless day, The glories of thy grace.

HYMN 266.

Hark! 'tis the prophet of the skies Proclaims redemption near! The night of death and bondage flies, The dawning tints appear.

O Zion, from thy shades of gloom, Awake to glorious day! Thy shadows flee away!

The gladdening news, conveyed afar, Remotest nations hear;

To welcome in the Morning Star, The ransomed tribes appear.

The wilderness shall hear his voice, For full salvation flows,

And Sharon's desert shall rejoice And blossom as the rose.



RAPTURE. GANGES.

HYMN 268.

Begin, my soul, the lofty lay; Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise thy Maker's name; Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, Against thy terrors long I strove. In one melodious concert rise. To swell the gladdening theme.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode, If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll, Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God; Ye thunders, speak his power; Lo! on the lightning's rapid wings, In triumph rides the King of kings; Astonished worlds adore.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise, To join the thunder of the skies; Praise him who bids you roll: His praise in softer notes declare, Each whispering breeze of yielding air, And breathe it to the soul.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed, The feeling heart, the reasoning head, In heavenly praise employ: Spread the Creator's name around, Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound, The general burst of joy.

HYMN 269.

Jehovah spake! wide chaos heard, And bowing to his sovereign word, Confusion, darkness fled; While from the deep, the void profound, Much more should we, of human race, Celestial splendors shone around, And new-born beauties spread.

Up rose the sun in cloudless light, And at meridian strength and height, Beamed from his radiant throne; The moon was robed in silver rays. And mild, reflecting solar blaze: Bright gem'd the starry zone.

"Let these be signs"-Jehovah said: From pole to pole the signs were spread, And mortals bade them hail! For wisdom, love, and power shall be Thy signs, O Lord, and lead to thee, Beyond death's cloudy vale.

HYMN 270.

All glory to our God above, For all the tokens of his love, By all mankind be given; Let every heart in praise ascend, And every note of rapture blend, With songs of joy in heaven.

HYMN 271.

Lord, thou hast won ;-at length, I yield; My heart, by mighty grace compelled, Surrenders all to thee: But who can stand against thy love? Love conquers even me.

And lightnings flash to blast my soul, I still had stubborn been: But mercy has my heart subdued, A bleeding Saviour I have viewed, And now I hate my sin.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone, O take possession of thine own, For thou hast set me free; Released from sin, at thy command See all my powers in waiting stand, To be employed by thee.

HYMN 272.

Arise, and hail the happy day; Cast all low cares of life away, And thought of meaner things: This day, to cure our deadly woes, The Sun of Righteousness arose, With healing in his wings.

If angels, on that happy morn, The Saviour of the world was born, Poured forth their joyful songs, Adore the wonders of his grace, To whom that grace belongs.

O, then, let heaven and earth rejoice. Let every creature join his voice, To hymn the happy day, When Jesus triumphed o'er his foes, As from the shades of death he rose, Life's sceptre wide to sway.

HYMN 273.

O let your mingling voices rise In grateful rapture to the skies, And hail a Saviour's birth Let songs of joy the day proclaim, When Jesus all-triumphant came, With peace to bless the earth.

He came to comfort the distressed, To give the weary mourner rest, And bind the broken heart; To spread the light of truth around, And to the world's remotest bound, The heavenly gift impart.



HYMN 275.

Although the vine its fruit deny;
The budding fig-tree droop and die;
No oil the oliveyield;—
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be healed.

Though fields in verdure once arrayed, Beneath the spoiler's hand be laid, Or parched by scorching beam; I'll joy in Him whose ways are just, And evermore His mercy trust—For mercy is supreme.

Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds, long famished, die away
Around the empty stall—
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
For botty ince are in the stress.

For better joys are in the skies,—
There God is all in all.

In God, my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
I know that fruits immortal grow,
And rivers of salvation flow,
I was been supported by the salvation flow.

HYMN 276.

My God, thy boundless love I praise; How bright on high its glories blaze! How sweetly bloom below! It streams from thine eternal throne; Through heaven its joys forever run, And all the earth o'erflow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn, And bids the clouds, in air upborne, Their genial drops distil; In every vernal beam it glows, And breathes in every gale that blows, And glides in every rill.

It robes in cheerful green the ground, And pours its flowery beauties round, Whose sweets perfume the gale; Its bounties richly spread the plain, The blushing fruit, the golden grain, And smile on every vale.

But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There faith and hope direct the way
To love's resplendent, holy day,
In thy unclouded heaven.

HYMN 277.

In thy dear name, O Lord, we meet, Before thy blessed mercy seat, Thy mercy to embrace; Thy spirit we desire to know, That we may square our lives below By reason and by grace.

Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark and dreary cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we'd give,
Constrained by thy great love, to live
The friends of all mankind.

To us, O Lord, thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in thy truth and grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

O let our love and faith abound!
O let our lives to all around,
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

HYMN 278.

Parent of good, thy works of might I trace with wonder and delight! Thy name is all divine; All that is bright in earth or sky, That warms the heart, or charms the eye, Is thine, entirely thine.

Since all we see, or feel or know, Of thee and thine in earth below, Is so divinely bright,—
How must thy glories shine above, In thy unfading world of love,
The world of life and light!

HYMN 279.

Our Father, whose eternal sway The bright angelic hosts obey, O lend a pitying ear, When on thy awful name we call, And at thy feet submissive fall, O, condescend to hear.

Far may thy glorious reign extend; May rebels to thy scoptre bend, And yield to sovereign love: May we take pleasure to fulfil The sacred dictates of thy will, As angels do above.

From thy kind hand each temporal good, Our raiment and our daily food, In rich abundance come: Lord, give us still a fresh supply; If thou withhold thy hand, we die, And fill the silent tomb.

Pardon our sins, O God, that rise Like gloomy clouds against the skies; And, while we are forgiven, Grant that revenge may never rest, Nor malice harbor, in the breast That feels the love of heaven.

Protect us in the dangerous hour, And from the wily tempter's power, O, set our spirits free; And if temptation should assail, May mighty grace o'er all prevail, And lead our hearts to thee.

Thine is the power; to thee belongs The constant tribute of our songs,— All glory to thy name: Let every creature join our lays, In one resounding act of praise, Thy wonders to proclaim.



HYMN 281.

White God my Father's near, My Shepherd, and my Guide, I bid farewell to every fear; My wants are all supplied.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles screne,
To cheer my fainting soul.

Here let my spirit rest; How sweet a lot is mine! With pleasure, food, and safety blest; Beneficence divine!

Great Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 282.

Shine, gracious Lord! O shine In all thy saving light, And prosper every pure design, By thy triumphant might.

O bring thy ransomed near, That they may learn thy ways; Thy word may all thy people hear, And sing thy worthy praise.

O may thy glorious power Revealed in mercy be; And all mankind thy name adore, And serve and honor thee,

HYMN 283.

The Lord my Shepherd is,—
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

Whene'er from him I stray,
To error's thorny track,
He breathes to me of wisdom's way,
And gently leads me back.

Great Shepherd! may thy love Inspire my heart to praise; And may my heart forever prove The joy of wisdom's ways.

HYMN 284.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our faith and hope, and love are one,
And one our joys and cares.

We share our griefs and woes, And every rising fear, And often for a brother flows Affection's purest tear.

When we are call'd to part,
We share alike the pain,
Though, ever joined in mind and heart,
We hope to meet again.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

HYMN 285.

Dear Lord! we now must part!
A parting blessing give;
With thy pure love fill every heart,
That we in love may live.

And though we're far away,
May we united be,
And for each other daily pray,
That we may live in thee.

All glory to the Lamb,
May we forever sing,
And bid farewell, while we proclaim
Hosannas to our King.

HYMN 286.

Let party names no more The Christian world o'erspread; Gentile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ, their Head.

Among the saints on earth, Let mutual love be found, Heirs of the same celestial birth, With mutual blessings crowned.

May every evil cease,
And only love be known,
Since all a Father's love possess,
In one Redeemer shown.

So may the church below Resemble that above, Where streams of pleasure ever flow, And every heart is love.



HYMN 288.

Come, Holy Spirit, come! Let thy bright beams appear; Dispel the shades of fearful gloom, And shine in glory here.

O cleanse us from all sin, By mercy from above; And every waiting spirit win To faith and hope and love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, And sanctify the soul; Do thou thy holy grace impart, And all our powers control.

Then shall we hear thy voice.
O thou celestial Dove!
And every longing soul rejoice
In faith and hope and love.

HYMN 289.

Not with the outward eye Have we beheld our Lord, Yet we perceive his blessing nigh, Recorded in his word.

On earth we want the sight Of our Redeemer's face; Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we taste thy love, Our joys divinely flow; Our hearts rejoice with those above, And heaven begins below.

HYMN 290.

Rejoice! the Lord is King! Your Lord and King adore; Ye sons of men, give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore.

The mighty Saviour reigns, In glorious worlds above; His justice and his truth maintains The glory of his love.

His kingdom cannot fail, Nor his dominion cease; Nor sin nor woe can e'er prevail, Against the Prince of Peace.

In conflicts with his foes,
He conquered in the strife;
Nor death itself could long oppose
The mighty Lord of Life.

Lift up the grateful voice,
To sing his might and love!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice,
With angel-hosts above.

HYMN 291.

Behold, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his threne.

Ye Christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to Nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

His laws are just and pure; His truth without deceit; His promi<mark>ses for</mark>ever sure, And his rewards are great.

HYMN 292.

Come, ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song, with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Believers here have found,
A heaven begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope will grow.

They hear their Saviour's voice, And enter into rest; In him they evermore rejoice, By him forever blest.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.



HVMN 294.

Let every creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin, And sound his name abroad.

Thou sun, with golden beams, Thou moon, with paler rays ; Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.

He built those worlds above, And fixed their wondrous frame: By his command they stand or move, And ever speak his name.

By all his works above,

His honors be expressed; But saints, who taste his saving love. Should sing his praises best.

HYMN 295.

Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way; His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes, It spreads diviner light:

The pilgrim's pathway it illumes, And cheers his longing sight.

How perfect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! Forever sure thy promise, Lord, And we securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain Are thy directions given! Oh! may we never read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

HYMN 296.

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own; And all the solid ground,

Come, worship at his throne; Come, bow before the Lord: We are his work, and his alone; He formed us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor more provoke his rod;
In wisdom's peaceful ways rejoice,
And own your gracious God.

Thus you the joys will share, Which from devotion rise; And heavenly grace your souls prepare For bliss that never dies

HYMN 297.

Sing to Jehovah's name, And in his strength rejoice: When his salvation is our theme, Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his sight, And hymns of honor sing; The Lord's a God of boundless might, The whole Creation's King.

Earth, with its caverns deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

Come, humble souls, adore,— Come, kneel before his face; O may the creatures of his power Be children of his grace!

HYMN 298.

The living waters flow,
The thirsty soul to cheer;
And truits of life immortal grow
For those who hunger here.

The dawn of hope and love,
Is seen on earth again;
And he who reigns as Lord above,
In spirit is with men.

Exalted on his throne,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall he be known.
The Universal Lord.

HYMN 299.

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his deathless love; Sing of his vital grace; Sing of salvation planned above, For all our sinful race.

Sing till you feel your hearts With holy ardor glow; Sing till the love of sin departs, And heaven is felt below.

Sing on your Zion way, With rapturous delight; Sing till you see the holy ray Of God's eternal light,

There, with the angel throng, Salvation we'll proclaim; And ever join the sacred song Of Moses and the Lamb!

HYMN 300.

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
The means, the wisdom still display
That drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 301.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose kindness to our sinful race,
No change can e'er abate.

By him divinely blest,
Each hour his mercy proves;
Far as the east is from the west,
His love our guilt removes.

High as his holy place
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

9 *



HYMN 303.

Lord, what our ears have heard, Our eyes delighted trace; Thy love in all thy ways conferred On Zion's chosen race.

Our children thou dost claim, And mark them out for thine: Ten thousand blessings to thy name, For goodness so divine.

Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore:
By all be in devotion shown
Thy praise for evermore.

How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy word,
Includes our rising race.

Our offspring, still thy care, Shall own their Father's God; To latest times thy blessings share, And sound thy praise abroad.

HYMN 304.

Sweet is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

No balm on earth like this Can cheer the contrite heart; No flattering dreams of earthly bliss Such pure delight impart.

Still merciful and kind, Thy mercy, Lord, reveal: The broken heart thy love can bind, The wounded spirit heal.

Thy presence shall restore Peace to my anxious breast: Lord, let my steps be drawn no more From paths which thou hast blessed.

HYMN 305.

My soul, be on thy guard! Unnumbered foes arise: The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray; The contest ne'er give o'er; Renew the conflict day by day, And aid divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay the armor down; Thy work of faith will ne'er be done, Till thou obtain the crown.

HYMN 306.

Dear Saviour, we are thine! Thine may we ever be! Our vital union, how divine! Our union unto thee.

To thee in faith we cleave;
O may we cleave in love;
Thy precious grace may we receive,
Descending from above.

Thy spirit shall unite
Mankind to thee, their Head;
Shall form them to thy image bright,
And on them blessings shed.

Death may our souls divide From these abodes of clay; But thou wilt keep us near thy side, Through all the gloomy way.

Since thou and we are one, We will not doubt thy care; The love on earth so freely shown, We evermore shall share.

HYMN 307.

By faith may Jesus dwell
In our believing hearts;
While he that love which none can tell
In streams of grace, imparts.

Then may we comprehend,
With all the saints in light,
And see his boundless grace extend,
And know its depth and height.

Then, filled with every grace,
From strength to strength we'll go,
While Jesus shows his smiling face
In every scene of woe.

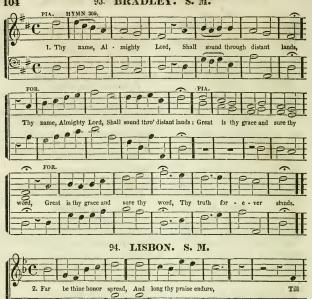
Soon we shall victors be, And crowns of glory wear;. In endless peace our Captain see, And dwell forever there.

HYMN 308.

Our Saviour knows full well
The heart of every saint;
He bids us all our sorrows tell,
And pray, and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear—
We never pray in vain;
Then let us still his word revere,
And pray, and pray again.

His hand our every tear
Will gently wipe away;
For graciously he deigns to hear
His people when they pray.







evening shade, Shall exchanged no more, Shall be be exchanged no more. HYMN 310.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast. And these rejoicing eyes!

Our Lord himself draws near, To bless his saints to-day: Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

One day, amid the place Where my dear Lord hath been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of folly and of sin.

My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, Till called to rise, and soar away To everlasting bliss,

HVMN 311.

To bless the human race, In mercy, Lord, incline; And cause the light of saving grace On all the earth to shine.

O may thy wondrous way Throughout the world be known, And every soul its homage pay, And thy salvation own.

Oh let the nations sing The wonders of thy hand; For thou, the universal King, Shalt govern every land.

Let every kindred join, Thy mercies to proclaim,

To praise thy glorious name.

HYMN 312.

Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing, To praise and pray-to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet-at the dawning light, Thy boundless love to tell;

And when approach the shades of night, Gird up your loins, as in his sight, Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet-on this day of rest. To join the heart and voice, With those who love and serve thee best, Mark the first signal of his hand, And in thy name rejoice.

To songs of praise and joy, Be every Sabbath given; For songs of praise, divine employ ! Shall be our theme in heaven.

HYMN 313.

My God-my life-my love, To thee-to thee I call; I cannot live, if thou remove, For thou art all in all.

Nor earth-nor all the sky Can one delight afford, No-not a drop of real joy, Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love. Where all my pleasures roll; My glorious day-spring from above, The portion of my soul.

Thy truth, my longing heart Shall evermore embrace: And feel the bliss thy words impart, The blessing of thy grace.

HYMN 314.

Behold the throne of grace! The promise calls me near; There Jesus shows a smiling face, And waits to answer prayer.

Thine image, Lord, bestow, Thy presence and thy love: I ask to serve thee here below, And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith, Conform my will to thine; May I victorious be in death, And then in glory shine.

If thou these blessings give, And wilt my portion be, While heaven and earth in joy combine, All worldly joys I'll gladly leave, And find my heaven in thee.

HYMN 315.

Ye servants of the Lord, Each in your office wait; With joy obey his heavenly word, And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flaine; For holy is his name.

Watch !- 'tis your Lord's command, And while we speak, he's near: And ready all appear.

O happy servant he, In such a posture found! He shall his Lord with rapture see, And he with honor crowned.

HYMN 316.

O God, to earth incline, With mercies from above; And let thy presence round us shine, With beams of heavenly love.

Through all the earth below, Thy ways of grace proclaim, Till distant nations hear and know The Saviour's blessed name.

O may the world agree To walk in wisdom's ways, And all mankind present to thee Their songs of grateful praise!

Oh let the nations round Their cheerful powers employ, And earth's remotest coasts resound With shouts of sacred joy.



HVMN 318.

My Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live; My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give.

Lord, what can I impart, Since all I have is thine! Thy love demands a thankful heart, For all thy gifts divine.

Shall I withhold thy due, Nor thy rich blessing prove? Lord, may thy truth my soul renew, And fill it with thy love.

O let thy grace inspire

My soul with strength divine;

Let all my powers to thee aspire

And all my days be thine.

HYMN 319.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Ceased is the cause of grievous plaints— To joyous strains awake.

Blest with a Father's love, Although afar from home; He views us from his throne above, Wherever we may roam.

His truth's celestial light,
For evermore will shine;
And we shall see, in sorrow's night,
The star of life divine.

While in our pilgrim road,
We feel his heavenly flame,
And, trusting in the love of God,
We lean upon his name.

The fearful waves of gloom
Subside at his control;
His promise and his truth illume
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O Lord, Who stays himself on thee! His soul, believing in thy word, Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 320.

Love is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.

We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.

Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile,
When love inspires the breast.

Let love forever grow,
And banish wrath and strife;
So shall we witness here below
The joys of social life.

When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign through all the place.

HYMN 321.

Let pure devotion rise,
And kindle to a flame,
Ascend like incense to the skies,
In our Redeemer's name.

His word, like drops of dew, Descends on every heart, Subdues and fashions us anew And bids our sins depart.

His grace our faith sustains, And dissipates onr fears; Binds up our wounds, relieves our pains, And wipes away our tears.

He bids our longing eyes Look through the fearful gloom, To his own kingdom in the skies, Where joys forever bloom.

HYMN 322.

Christians, dismiss your fear, Let hope and joy succeed; The welcome news with gladness hear, The Lord is risen indeed!

Angelic hosts above
The rising victor sing,
And all the blissful courts of love
With loud hosannas ring.

Believers here below,
Your hearts and voices raise;
Let every soul with gladness glow,
In your Redeemer's praise.



DALSTON. WORSHIP.

HYMN 324.

How pleased and blest was I To hear my brethren cry, Come, let us seek our God to-day ! Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place! Adorned with wondrons grace, And light and love enclose thee round; In thee our souls appear, To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait, To bless the soul of every guest: The man who seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows, Peace to this sacred house, For here my friends and brethren dwell; And all, with sweet, divine accord, And, since my glorious God Makes this his blest abode, My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 325.

The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awfal glories crowned: Arrayed in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands. And skies and stars obey thy word; Thy throne was fixed on high Ere stars adorned the sky: Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

Thy promises are true. Thy grace is ever new, On earth below-in heaven above: Thy saints, with holy fear, Shall in thy courts appear, And sing thine everlasting love.

HYMN 326.

To God who reigns above, And rules mankind in love, Be honor, praise and glory given; On earth we sing his grace, And all our ransomed race. Shall laud his holy name in heaven. 10

HYMN 327.

Let all who fear the Lord. Unite, with one accord, The great Jehovah's name to bless; His glorious works and ways, Uniting in his praise, The wonders of his hand express.

Let rapture tune each voice, And every heart rejoice, In our Creator's boundless love; His wisdom and his might, With ceaseless love unite, In earth below and sky above.

Earth and its scenes decay; The skies may pass away, But God is evermore the same; The same his love to man, The same his gracious plan, The same the glories of his name.

Let all beneath the light, In grateful song unite, In holy praise and prayer, His wondrous love declare, And magnify our blessed Lord.

HYMN 323.

Divinely blest are they Who walk in wisdom's way, And love the precepts of the Lord; Religion's holy light Is precious in their sight, And truth is their supreme regard.

They feel their joy and peace, With righteousness increase, As on they move in wisdom's way; And light and love divine In glory round them shine, And brighten to the perfect day.

HYMN 329.

To thee, O God of Love, Enthroned in light above, The homage of our hearts we bring; The streams of joy which flow In every scene below, From thy eternal mercies spring.

The wondrous gospel plan Of saving grace for man, The glory of thy love displays; O may we ever be Devoted, Lord, to thee, And feel thy blessing and our days.



HYMN 331.

O my soul, what means this sadness? Wherefore art thou thus cast down? Let thy grief be turned to gladness, And thy doubting fears begone: Look to Jesus.

And confide in him alone.

Though unnumbered foes beset thee, And the waves of woe increase, Never will his grace forget thee, Nor his tender mercies cease;

He is ever, Lord of Life and Prince of Peace.

HYMN 332.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere in slumber we recline; Thy unfailing care possessing, We enjoy a bliss divine

We enjoy a bliss divine.

Though destruction walk around us,

Though its fearful arrow fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us—
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee; Thou art he who, never weary, Evermore our guard will be.

Should disease this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

HYMN 333.

O my soul, behold thy Saviour, And his tender mercies prove; Though the world withdraw its favor, He is faithful in his love.

What though others may be preaching, Death shall reign for evermore— Trust, my soul, thy Saviour's teaching, That its reign will soon be o'er.

In the Lord, all things restoring, God unveils his love to man; Thou, that gracious love adoring, Trust in his redeeming plan.

In thy darkest hour of sadness, Hope shall beam in glory bright, And in every scene of gladness, Thou shalt feel his living light,

HYMN 334.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find, in every station, Something still to do or bear.

Think what spirit dwells within thee; Think what heavenly bliss is thine; Think that Jesus died to win thee; Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN 335.

Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! th' angelic host rejoices? Heavenly hallelujahs rise!

Listen to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy; Glory ir the highest, glory! Glory be to God on high!

Peace on earth, in all its blessing, Peace on earth, good-will to man! God, in mercy never ceasing, Here unveils his gracious plan.

Holy Father! we adore thee!
Be thy grace forever nigh,
Till in heaven we sing before thee,
Glory be to God on high!

HYMN 326.

Bowed beneath the weight of sorrow Seeking solace for our fears, From the Star of Hope we borrow Light that deepest Carkness cheers.

Though the clouds may blacken o'er us, As we walk the narrow way, Light celestial dawns before us,

Shining unto perfect day.
Sin affords no real pleasure,—
In our journey here below,
We shall find the joyous treasure,
Only when we virtue know.

Be the kindly hand extended
To the suffering and the sad,
Be the child of woe befriended,
And the widow's heart made glad.

Then our path is bright and even,— And though storms around us rise, Still the purest light of heaven Shall illume the darkest skies.

Pure Religion's sway will lighten All our burthens 'neath the sky, And our every prospect brighten Of a resting-place on high.

HYMN 337.

Gracious Source of every blessing, Free our minds from anxious fears; Let us, each thy care possessing, Calmly reach the vale of years,

All our hopes on thee reclining, Peace companion of our way; May life's sun, in smiles declining, Rise in everlasting day.



HVMN 339.

God is love: his mercy brightens All the path in which we move; Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens: God is Light, and God is Love.

Chance and change are busy ever; Life decays, and ages move; But his mercy waneth never: God is Light, and God is Love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth, Goodness still will changeless prove; From the cloud his glory streameth: God is Light, and God is Love.

He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his mercy shineth:
God is Light, and God is Love.

HYMN 340.

In this world of joy and sorrow, Mingling bliss and painful care, From the light of hope we borrow, Heavenly balm for deep despair.

Thee, triumphant Lord and Saviour! In the glass of faith we see; O assist each faint endeavor, To confide alone in thee.

Place the joyous scene before us, Of that joy-resplendent day, When to light thou wilt restore us, Darkness having passed away!

Then shall we, thro' boundless favor, Incorruption's robes put on! Life-renewing, glorious Saviour, May thy gracious will be done.

HYMN 341.

Saviour, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; Though by all things else forsaken, Thou my all in all shalt be.

Let the world neglect and leave me Thou wert once forsaken, too! Human hopes may oft deceive me, Thou art faithful, thou art true.

Perish earthly fame and treasure, Come disaster, scorn or pain; In thy service pain is pleasure— With thy favor, life is gain.

O'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy gracious love I know; O'tis not in joy to charm me, While I feel thy kindling glow! 10*

HYMN 342.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some inclodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Sacred mount, O fix me on it.— Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I find my richest treasure, Hither by thy grace I'm come, And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger, . Wandering from the fold of God; He, to save my soul from danger, Interposed his precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter, Bind my wandering soul to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God of love; Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 343.

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, Wheresoe'er through earth we range; May nor pride nor fear impede us, Nor our hope to doubting change.

When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us—
Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death is near, Suffer not our souls to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear.

And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thy presence rest,
Where our praises shall be blended
With the anthems of the blest.

HYMN 344.

May the grace of Christ o'erflowing, And the Father's boundless love, And the Spirit, life bestowing, Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide united,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in him delighted,
Joys which earth cannot afford.



HYMN 346.

Christians, bail the happy morning Of the gospel's glorious light; Earth in beauty now adorning, Bursts the truth upon our sight. Blessed Saviour! Shed abroad that holy light.

Where, amidst the desert dreary, Plant, nor flower, nor herbage grows, There refresh the pilgrim weary, With the sight of Sharon's rose; And its beauties To the longing eye disclose.

Where the beasts of prev are prowling, And the venomed serpents hiss, There exchange the doleful howling For the holy calm of peace, And forever May destruction's empire cease.

O let all the world adore thee,-Universal be thy fame And all kindreds bow before thee, To extol thy hallowed name, All ascribing Fervent praises to the Lamb.

HYMN 347.

Lo! he comes, in clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain; Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train. Hallelujah! Jesus evermore shall reign!

Now the dead awake from slumber, Free, immortal, glorified,-Thousands, thousands without number, And by thee, our Saviour, guided, All for whom the Saviour died. Hallelujah! Glory, honor, joy abide.

Now the bars of death are broken! Tyrant, thy dominion's o'er! God the gracious word hath spoken, Victory is thine no more. Christ the conqueror we adore.

Hail, ye ransomed! ye immortals! Cast your crowns at Shiloh's feet, Throng ye now the radiant portals, Give the glory that is meet. Hallelujah! God's high purpose is complete!

HYMN 348.

Angels heard with admiration, How th' eternal counsel ran; Wondered at the great salvation, Wondered at the gracious plan: And rejoicing, Sang the love of God to man.

Angels saw the Saviour dying On the cross, in love to men: Angels saw his body lying In the tomb, among the slain: O how awful Sin appeared to angels, then !

Angels saw him rise victorious From the tomb in which he lay; Never sight was seen more glorious, Than the angels saw that day. When the Saviour Rose, and death resigned his prev.

Hark! what bursts of acclamation Through th' eternal arches ring! Angel hosts ascribe salvation To the now exalted King! Loud their praises, "Glory to the Lamb," they sing.

HYMN 349.

Lord, dismiss us hence with gladness, Be thy people's lot our choice; In thy love we know not sadness; In thy love our souls rejoice. Nonght can harm us, While we hear and know thy voice.

From thy word with food provided, May we feed thereon and grow; Through the pathless desert go, While thy favors In the streams of mercy flow.

Saviour, keep all evil from us; Go before us in the way; Till we reach the land of promise, Be thy word our guide and stay: Joy and triumph Shall be ours in that bright day.

Then, all sin and error over, All will be divinely bright, For in love thou wilt discover All thy glory to our sight .--God our portion, God our everlasting light.



HYMN 351.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Saviour, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unchanging love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, thou mighty to deliver, Let us all thy grace receive; May thy light return, and never, Never more thy temples leave; Thee we would be allways blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts above; Bless and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
May we see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored by thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 352.

Praise the Lord by whose kind favor
Heavenly truth has reached our ears:
May its sweet reviving savor
Cheer our hearts and calm our fears!
TRUTH-HOW sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

May our souls, thy truth possessing, Which to-day our ears have heard, Feel for everinore the blessing By thy grace divine conferred. Till thou take us hence for ever, Saviour, guide us with thine eye; This our ain, our sole endeavor, Thine to live, and thine to die!

HYMN 353,

Glory to the ever-living,
Bounteous Source of love divine;
Praise, and honor, and thanksgiving,
Evermore, O Lord, be thine.
May thy full and free salvation
Lauded be by every voice;
And, in grateful adoration,
May we in thy love rejoice

HYMN 354.

Cease, ye mourners I cease to languish O'er the grave of those ye love; Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, Enter not the world above. While in darkness ye are straying, Lonely in the deep'ning shade; Glory's brightest beams are playing Round the ransomed spirit's head.

Cease, ye mourners! cease to languish O'er the grave of those ye love; Far removed from pain and anguish, They are chanting hymns above; Light and peace at once deriving From the hand of God most high, In his glorious presence living, They shall never, never die.

HYMN 355.

Peace be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver;
Peace, to sordid minds unknown;
Peace Divine, that lasts forever,
Here erect thy glorious throne.

Prince of Peace, in love be near us, Fix in all our hearts thy home; With thy blessed presence cheer us,—Let thy sacred kingdom come. Raise to heaven our expectation: Give our favored souls to prove Glorious and complete salvation, In the realms of bliss above.

HYMN 356.

Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee, For the bliss thy love bestows; For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows: Help. O Lord, my weak endeavor; This dull soul to rapture raise: Thon must light the flame, or never Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far astray; Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away; Low before thy footstool kneeling, Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless; Fill my soul with holy feeling, Let my life thy praise express.



119

HYMN 358.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aboud from Calvary! See! it rends the rocks asunder— Shakes the earth—and veils the sky! 'It is finished!' Hear the dying Saviour cry!

'It is finished !'—Oh, what pleasure
Do these sacred words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
'It is finished!'—
Saints, the dying words record!

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs, Join to sing the pleasing theme; All in earth and heaven, uniting, Join to praise Immanuel's name; Halletujah! Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 359.

Blessed Saviour, aid thy servant To proclaim thy boundless love! May we feel devotion fervent, And the word of truth approve: _Bless, O bless us, From thy shining courts above.

While thy truth and grace invite us
To partake thy gospel feast,
May thy spirit-power unite us,
Each to thee a willing guest:
O receive us,
To thy holy promised rest.

HYMN 360.

With commingling joy and wonder, See the place where Jesus lay! He has burst his bands asunder, And to death is not a prey! Joy, and wonder! Yes, the Lord is risen to-day!

Jesns conquers! they who slew him, Where is all their triumph now? In immortal glory view him— Angel-hosts around him bow! Crown of honor, See it placed upon his brow!

Jesus triumphs! countless logions
Honor him as Lord and King I
Earth's extended, utnost regions,
Yet his wondrous praise shall sing!
With his glory,
Heaven's high courts shall ever ring!

HYMN 361.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand. Bread of heaven! Feed me till I want no more,

Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all the journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side. Sougs of praises I will ever give to thee,

HYMN 362.

Lord, to us thy word is precious— Thy redeeming love we sing; Thou art ever, ever gracious, Mediator, Priest and King; May thy people, Evermore thy glory sing.

May we feel thy full salvation, In thy grace forever grow; And may every tribe and nation, Thy redemption fully know: That thy glory All the earth may overflow.

HYMN 363.

Lo! the Lord, the mighty Saviour, Quits the grave, the throne to claim; Object of his Futher's favor, God o'er all exalts his name; And the angels, Him as Lord of all proclaim.

Shout for joy—with songs of praises, Ye, who in his name delight: Shout—for God, our Saviour raises To his throne, in endless might! 'Tis Jehovah, Crowns our Lord in realms of light!

God his servant lifts to glory, Bids him all his honors share; Now, Jehovah, we adore thee, And thy righteous will declare, Endless praises,

Shall mankind for thee prepare.



HYMN 365.

One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the mame of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove.
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us, Could, or would have shed his blood? But our Jesus died to have us Reconciled in him to God; This was boundless love indeed! Jesus is a Friend in need.

When he lived on earth ill-treated, Friend of sinners was his name; Now, above all glory scated, He rejoices in the same; Still he calls them brethren, friends, And to all their wants attends.

O, for grace, our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, like him to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN 366.

God has turned my grief to gladness, He has made my heart rejoice; I, who once repined in sadness, Now can raise my cheerful voice. Gracious blessing! how divine! I can call the Saviour MINE!

O how brief is his displeasure!
As a moment it appears;
But his love is without measure,
Still the same through endless years.
Weeping may the night employ,
But the morning dawns in joy.

Jesus smiles, and from his favor Life, and light and blessing flow; O for faith that does not waver! Lord, on me this faith bestow. Blessed is thy people's lot, Since thy promise changes not!

Othat I may praise him ever, And obey him evermore! From his love death cannot sever, For its reign will soon be o'er,— And in his blest courts above, We shall live in deathless love!

HYMN 367.

Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Squid the notes of praise above— Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns the Lord of love. See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules by grace alone.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives it worth; Lord of life—thy smile enlightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth. When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love divine.

King of Glory, reign forever, In thy own divine renown! Nothing from thy love can sever; Nothing dim thy radiant crown! 'Tis the glory of thy grace, To redeem a sinful race.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing; Bring, O bring the glorious day, When, the joyful summons hearing, We from earth shall soar away, In thy blissful courts to sing, "Glory, Glory to our King!"

HYMN 368.

Lo, he comes! let all adore him!
'Tis the Lord of grace and truth!
Haste; prepare the way before him,
Make the rugged places smooth,
Lo, he comes! and his reward
Cometh with the mighty Lord!

See, around him streams are flowing, In the desert waste and wild! See around him flowers are growing, Where before no verdure smiled! Earth, in glorious vestments clad, In the reign of grace is glad.

Where the thorn and brier flourished Blooming trees are seen to grow, Planted by the Lord, and nourished By the peaceful river's flow. See! they rise on every side! See! they spread their branches wide!

In the Lord's most holy mountain,
We his love divine shall see;
There behold the sacred fountain,
Which is ever flowing free.
There shall we in joy accord,
Glory to our mighty Lord!



HYMN 370.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God! He whose word cannot be broken. Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded. What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters. Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint, while such a river In its full abundance flows! Who repine, since God the giver, Every needful grace bestows!

Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear! For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near.

Fading is the worldling's pleasure. All his boasted pomp and show; Real joys, and lasting treasure, None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 373.

' Mercy, O thou Son of David!' Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd; Others by thy word are saved. Now to me afford thine aid.

Many for his crying chid him. But he called the louder still. Till the gracious Saviour bid him, 'Come, and ask me what you will.'

Money was not what he wanted, Though by begging used to live: But he asked, and Jesus granted, Alms which none but he could give.

'Lord, remove this grievous blindness. Let me see the light of day!' Straight he saw, and won by kindness, Followed Jesus in the way.

Christians! hear Bartimeus praising, Publishing to all around, The redeeming love amazing. In the Savior's might he found,

Lord of all! thy truth unfolding, May the blind thy glory see; And, thy boundless love beholding. Gladly follow only thee,

HYMN 371.

Praise him, angels in the height; Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken: Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws, which never can be broken, For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious: Never shall his promise fail,-God hath made his saints victorious: Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation: Hosts on high, his power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all creation, Praise and magnify his name.

HYMN 374.

Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, adore him, Hear what God the Lord hath spoken-'O my people, faint and few, Comfortless, afflicted, broken, Fair abodes I build for you.

> 'Cares and heart-felt tribulation Shall no more perplex your ways; You shall name your walls, Salvation, And your gates shall all be praise.

'Ye no more, your suns descending-Waning moons, no more shall see: But your griefs forever ending, Find eternal noon in me.

'God shall rise, and shining o'er you, Change to day the gloom of night; He, the Lord, shall be your glory, God your everlasting light.'

HYMN 372.

Zion's king shall reign victorious; All the earth shall own his sway; His dominion shall be glorious, Nor shall ever pass away.

Mighty King! thy love revealing, Now thy holy cause maintain! Bring the nations, humbly kneeling, Now to own thy blessed reign.

HYMN 375.

Now to God, in adoration, Bend the knee and lift the voice; In his great and free salvation, Children of his love, rejoice.

His free grace shall flow forever! Sons of men, on him rely! His redemption faileth never-Glory be to God on high!





HYMN 376.

Sinners, will you scorn the message Sent in mercy from above? Every sentence, O how tender! Every line is full of love: Listen to it-Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel News from Zion's king proclaim, To each rebel sinner pardon,

Free forgiveness in his name: How important!

Free forgiveness in his name. Tempted souls, they bring you succour; Joys await them without measure, Fearful hearts, they quell your fears, And, with news of consolation,

Chase away the falling tears: Tender heralds-

Chase away the falling tears.

HYMN 377.

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer, Welcome to this heart of mine! Lord, I make a full surrender; Every power and thought be thine, Thine forever,

Thine, O Lord, forever thine.

Sin, and all its dread oppression, From my soul shall disappear! Doubt shall not obtain possession, For thy truth is ever near! I will praise thee, Lord, I feel thy blessing here!

HYMN 378.

Never leave us, nor forsake us, Thou on whom our souls rely, Till thou shalt forever take us, To behold that glory nigh, Which, though distant, Fills our longing hearts with joy.

They are blest, and none beside them, They who hope, O Lord, in thee; They are blest, though all deride them, For thy truth hath made them free.

Joys await them,-Where thou art, they hope to be.

Which thy boundless love will grant Rivers of eternal pleasure, For which now thy people pant,

Shall supply them,

Satisfied their every want.

Hope of thy salvation charms them From the love of all below; Hope of thy salvation arms them,

To oppose their every foe: Hope of glory, Sweetens toil and lightens woe.

DOXOLOGY.

Thanks, O Lord, be thine forever, For the mercies that we prove! Life nor death nor sin can sever From thy free, thy boundless love! All the glory

Be ascribed to God above.



HYMN 379.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the closing year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here. Gone to their eternal state, They have done with all below;

We a little longer wait, But how little none can know.

As the rapid arrow flies, Quick the destined mark to find; As the lightning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace behind;-So our brief and transient days

To their end speed swiftly on; Soon we pass life's little space, Here to-day, to-morrow gone.

Thanks, for mercies past, receive: Pardon of our sins renew;

Teach us, Lord, by faith to live, With eternity in view. Bless thy word to young and old: Fil! our hearts with filial love;

And, when life's short tale is told, Take us to thyself above.

HYMN 380.

High in yonder realms of light, Dwell the raptured saints above: Far beyond our feeble sight, Happy in Immanuel's love: Pilgrims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us below,

Cheerful hopes, distressing fears. Light and shadow, joy and woe. Happy spirits! ye are fled. Where no grief can entrance find;

Lulled to rest the aching head, Soothed the anguish of the mind. Mid the chorus of the skies,

Mid th' angelic lyres above, Hark their songs melodious rise. Songs of praise to saving love.

All is tranquil and serene, Calm and undisturbed repose: There no cloud can intervene,

There no angry tempest blows. Every tear is wiped away,

Sighs no more shall heave the breast : Night is lost in endless day,

Sorrow, in eternal rest

11 *



VERSES 2, 3, 4.

While we seek supplies of grace Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconciling face ;-

Take away our sin and shame. From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Here we come thy name to praise: Let us feel thy presence near: May thy glory meet our eyes

While we in thy house appear; Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast,

May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints: Make the fruits of grace abound; Bring relief from all complaints.

Thus let all our sabbaths prove. Till we join the church above.

HYMN 382.

Who shall towards thy chosen seat Turn, O Lord, his favored feet ? Who shall at thine altar bend? Who shall Zion's hill ascend? Who, great God, a welcome guest, On thy holy mountain rest?

He whose heart thy love has warmed: He whose will, to thine conformed, Bids his life unsullied run He whose word and thought are one; Who, from sin's contagion free, Lifts his willing soul to thee.

He who thus, with heart unstained, Treads the path by thee ordained. He shall towards thy chosen seat Turn, O Lord, his favored feet; He thy ceaseless care shall prove, He shall share thy constant love.

HYMN 383.

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is nigh:

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is passed, Safely to the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, O leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cleanse my every sin; Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art; May I ne'er depart from thee; Spring thou up within my heart-Evermore my Portion be.

HYMN 384.

Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin, Come the way to Zion's gate; There, till mercy speaks within, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait. And at last thy soul convey Knock-he knows the sinner's cry; Weep-he loves the mourner's tears; Watch-for saving grace is nigh; Wait-till heavenly grace appears.

Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice! "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest." Now within the gate rejoice. Safe, and own'd, and bought, and blest. Here thy waiting people see Safe-from all the lures of vice; Owned-by joys the contrite know; Bought-by love and life the price; Blest-the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim! what for thee In a world like this remains? From thy guarded breast shall flee Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pains. Taste thy love, and sing thy praise. Fear-the hope of heaven shall flee; Shame-from glory's view retire; Doubt-in full belief shall die; Pain-in endless bliss expire.

HYMN 385.

When I tread the mortal vale, Where the shades of death prevail,-Saviour, guide my trembling feet, Through this last, this still retreat. Let thy light dispel the gloom, Resting on the darkling tomb; Ever guide me, till I stand In thy own blest spirit-land.

When I bow my sinking head, Seeking rest among the dead: When pulsation, faint and slow, Tells the tide of life runs low,-May thy gracious love attend, And sustain me to the end: I will know no dread alarms, Dying in thy circling arms.

HYMN 386.

From the holy mount above, Glowing in the light of love, What melodious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear! "At the feast there yet is room-Come and welcome, sinner, come.

"Thou shalt be a welcome guest, By the Lord divinely blest ;-In the word of trnth believe,-All thy sinful pleasures leave, And no more in darkness roam,-Come and welcome, sinner, come.

"God is thy unchanging Friend; He will love thee to the end. To the realms of endless day, To a blessed, spirit-home,-Come and welcome, sinner, come."

HYMN 387.

Lord of hosts, how lovely fair, E'en on earth, thy temples are! Much of heaven, and much of thee, From thy gracious presence flows Bliss that softens all our woes, While thy Spirit's holy fire Warms our hearts with pure desire.

Here we supplicate thy throne; Here thy glories are made known: Here we learn thy righteous ways, Thus in holy sougs of joy, We our happy lives employ-Love, and long to love thee more, Till from earth to heaven we soar.



HYMN 389.

Come! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come and make my path your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless and forlorn, Long hast borne the cold world's scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste,-Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Mourner in the midst of gloom, Wailing o'er the fearful tomb; Light there springeth up for thee; Mourning pilgrim, come and see.

Pilgrim, come! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Here, in love forever blest, Thou shalt find a holy rest.

HYMN 390.

Lord, we come before thee now; At thy feet we humbly bow; Thou wilt not our praise disdain; Here we shall not pray in vain.

Lord, on thee we all depend— Unto thee our hearts ascend— Fill them with thy holy love, From the living fount above!

In thine own appointed way, Here we strive in faith to pray; From thy house we cannot go, Till a blessing thou bestow.

Open thou thy blessed word,— Thou the seals caust open, Lord! May thy voice of love, impart Full salvation to each heart.

Walking in thy holy light, May no darkness dim our sight; May we ever live in thee, And thy great salvation see.

HYMN 391.

Bread of heaven! on thee we feed, For thy love is meat indeed; Ever may our souls be fed With this true and living bread.

Vine of heaven! thy boundless grace Floweth for our sinful race; Balm of peace thy mercies give; To thy cross we look, and live.

Day by day with strength supplied, Through the life of him who died,— Lord of Life I O may we be Evermore sustained by thee.

HYMN 392.

To thy temple we repair,— Lord, we love to worship there: There, within the vail, we meet Thee upon the mercy-seat.

When to thee our prayers ascend, May thine ear in love attend; While thy grace and truth we sing, O receive the praise we bring.

When thy word we hear with awe, May we love thy holy law; When we hear the gospel voice, May our souls in thee rejoice.

From thy house when we return, May our hearts within us burn, And our lives the record prove, Of thy rich, redeeming love.

HYMN 393.

"Spirit, leave thy house of clay; Lingering dust, resign thy breath! Spirit, cast thy chains away; Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus the guardian-angel spoke, As he watched the dying bed; As the bonds of life he broke, And the ransomed captive fled.

"Pilgrim, long detained below, Prisoner, now with freedom blest! Welcome from a world of woe, Welcome to the land of rest."

Thus the guardian-angel sang, As he bore his trust on high, While with hallelujahs rang All the region of the sky.

HYMN 394.

Clay to clay, and dust to dust! Let them mingle—for they must! Give to earth the earthly clod, And the spirit unto God.

Never more shall midnight's damp Darken round this mortal lamp; Never more shall noonday's light, Glance upon this mortal sight.

Deep the pit and cold the bed, Where the spoils of death are laid; Chill the darkness, cold the gloom, Dwelling in the fearful tomb.

Look aloft! the dust to earth, Spirit to celestial birth! Born of God in heaven above, Life of light, and joy, and love!

HYMN 395.

Holy, holy Lord! Be thy glorious name adored! Lord, thy mercies never fail: Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear; Purer praise we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.

There no tongue shall silent be; All shall join to worship thee, And, thro' heaven's eternal round, Praise to thee shall ever sound.

Lord, thy mercies never fail: Hail, celestial goodness, hail!— HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD! Be thy glorious name adored.



HYMN 397.

Angels, roll the rock away; Death, yield up thy mighty prey; See, the Saviour leaves the tomb, Glowing with immortal bloom.

Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise Fame's eternal trump of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound Echo to the blissful sound.

Heaven unfolds its portals wide; Glorious Hero, through them ride: King of glory, mount thy throne: Boundless empire is thine own.

Praise him, ye celestial choirs, Praise, and sweep your golden lyres; Praise him in the noblest songs, From ten thousand thousand tongues.

HYMN 398.

Lord of hosts! to thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise; Thou thy people's hearts prepare, Here to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed With thy word, the heavenly bread; Here, in hope of glory blest, May the dead be laid to rest.

Here to thee a temple stand, While the sea shall gird the land; Here reveal thy mercy sure, While the sun and moon endure.

Hallelujah!—earth and sky To the joyful sound reply; Hallelujah!—hence ascend Prayer and praise till time shall end.

HYMN 399.

Now begin the heavenly theme, Sing aloud in Jesus' name: Ye, who his salvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and bless redeeming love.

Welcome, all by sin oppressed, Welcome to his sacred rest: Nothing brought him from above, Nothing but redeeming love.

When his spirit leads us home, When we to his glory come, We shall all the fulness prove Of our Lord's redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring, Strike aloud each cheerful string: Mortals, join the host above, Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 400.

Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with halleiujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born: Joy attuned angelic breath, When he triumphed over death.

Heaven and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new heavens and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice; Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then, amid eternal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ.

HYMN 401.

Hark! the chorus of the sky— Glory be to God on high! Earth beneath to heaven above, Shouts the theme of praise and love!

Ever this our joyous cry, Glory be to God on high! Shout the triumph of his love, Earth beneath and heaven above

HYMN 402.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day! Sons of men and angels say; Raise your joys and trimmphs high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeening work is done— Fought the fight, the battle won; Lo, the sun's eclipse is o'er! Lo, he sets in blood no more!

Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died, our souls to save:
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to thee by both be given! Thee we greet triumphant now; Hail! the Resurrection—thou!

HYMN 403.

Mediator, Son of God, Spread thy boundless love abroad: Counsellor, the Prince of peace, Fill the world with truth and grace.

Sun of Righteousness, arise; Send thy light around the skies: Life of all the quick and dead, Feed our souls with living bread.

Leader of the halt and blind, Raise to life the sinking mind: Binder of the broken heart, Grace to every soul impart.

Opener of the sealed book, Cause the world therein to look: Taker of the veil away, Lead us to eternal day.

YMN 404.

"Give us room that we may dwell," Zion's children cry aloud; See their numbers—how they swell! How they gather like a cloud!

O how bright the morning seems! Brighter from so dark a night; Zion is like one that dreams, Filled with wonder and delight.

Lo! thy sun goes down no more, God himself will be thy light; All that caused thee grief before, Buried lies in endless night.

Zion, now arise and shine! Lo! thy light from heaven is come! These that crowd from far are thine; Give thy sons and daughters room.



PILTON. HARTLAND. EDYFIELD.

HYMN 406.

Earth, with her nnnumbered flowers-Air, with all its beams and showers-Ocean's wondrons ebb and flow-Sky's resplendent, living glow-All around-and all above, Hath this record-God is Love. Sounds among the vales and hills-In the woods and by the rills-Of the zephyr, and the bird, On the waving branches heard-All these sounds, beneath, above, Have one burden-God is Love.

All the hopes and joys that start From the fountain of the heart, Breathing of unfading bliss In a better world than this,-These are voices from above, Sweetly whispering-God is Love.

HYMN 407.

Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints together meet! When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

Sing we here the Father's love, Circling all beneath, above; Breathing in his every plan, Grace, good-will, and peace to man. Sing we here the Son of God, Who alone the wine-press trod, Man from error's maze to win,-Man to save from every sin. Sing we here the pure delight Of the spirit's joyous light,-Truth and grace in mercy given, Peace with God, and hope of heaven.

HYMN 408.

Light of Life, seraphic fire, Love divine, thy grace impart; Every fainting soul inspire,-Shine in every waiting heart.

Every drooping spirit cheer, Scatter every cloud of gloom; In thy temple, Lord, appear! In thy holy blessing, come l

Come in this accepted hour; Bring thy heavenly kingdom in: Fill us with thy glorious power, Rooting out the seeds of sin.

Lord, to this our souls aspire, We will ask for nothing less; Re thou all our hearts desire, All our joy, and all our peace. 12

HYMN 409.

Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Messiah's sway, Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel call obey.

Princes, kings, his power shall own, Kindreds, tongues, his name adore; Sin and darkness overthrown, Man shall be enslaved no more.

Then shall wars and tuniults cease, Then be banished grief and pain; Lord of all, and Prince of Peace, Jesus in his love shall reign.

Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Messiah's sway, Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel call obey.

HYMN 410.

Children of the heavenly King, As we journey, sweetly sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God. In the way the fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon with them at home shall be.

"Fear ye not!" 'tis Shiloh's voice, Bidding us in him rejoice : "Fear ye not ! in me confide,-I am ever by your side."

Lord, we feel thy gracious power: Thon art with us every hour !-Still our Guide and Leader be, And our sonls will follow thee.

HYMN 411.

Shades of evening! ye have cast To the earth your woven pall, And the night is coming fast Over wood and waterfall.

Dimmer grows the dying light, Though its beauty lingers yet: Look !- npon the brow of night, Like a gem, each star is set !

Bounteous Benefactor! thou Hast preserved us through the day; Humbly would we thank thee now. As we kneel to praise and pray.

While the day of life shall last, Guide us wheresoe'er we roam: When the night of death is past. Take us to thy heavenly home.



HYMN 412.

every hour,"

New dominion,

What are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?

oh - tain,

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power, Wisdom, riches, to obtain, New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod; These from great affliction came; Now before the throne of God, Scaled with his eternal name. Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor palms in every hand, Through their great Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.

" New dominion,

every hour."

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed,

Them the Lamb, amidst the throne, Shall to living fountains lead.

Joy and gladness banish sighs; Perfect love dispels their fears; And forever from their eyes God shall wipe away all tears.



HYMN 413.

Hark, hark, the sounds of joy Roll o'er the heavenly plains, And seraphs find employ, For their sublimest strains. Loud ring the harps around the throne. Proclaim the news from pole to pole.

Hark, hark, the sounds draw nigh, The joyful hosts descend; Jesus forsakes the sky, To earth his footsteps bend;

He comes to bless our fallen race, He comes with tidings of free grace

Bear,-bear the tidings round,-Let every mortal know What love in God is found, What pity he can show, Some new delight in heaven is known, Ye winds that blow-ye waves that roll,

> Strike, strike the harps again, To Christ, the Saviour's name; Arise, ye sons of men, And loud his grace proclaim. Angels and men, wake every string,

Join earth and heaven his praise to sing.













HYMN 414.

Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven appears: O glorious seat, when God our King Shall thither bring our willing feet!

HYMN 415.

I sing the gospel day,
When Christ shall finish sin,
His wondrous love display,
And every rebel win:
They prostrate fall, and humbly own
That God, alone, is all in all.

The Saviour, Christ, must reign
Till all his foes submit,
And, saved by him from pain,
Shall worship at his feet;
Shall prostrate fall, and humbly own
That God, alone, is all in all.

Then death itself shall die, And life triumphant reign; No more shall sinners sigh In darkness, guilt, and pain: Prostrate they fall, and humbly own That God, alone, is all in all.

HYMN 416.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear—
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
12**

HYMN 417.

To thee, eternal King,
We raise our thankful eyes,
From whom all blessings spring
In earth, and sea, and skies:
Each rolling year thy grace imparts,
And wakes to praise our grateful hearts,

In all directions flow,
And from the fount above
Unceasing gifts bestow:
From this blest fount, indulgent Lord,
Streamed the rich glories of thy word.

The treasures of thy love

O may the golden sun, Full in his poon-tide blaze, And e'en the silver moon, Instruct our hearts to praise; While all the stars which stud the skies Beam love, as through unnumbered eyes.

HYMN 418.

Hark! what celestial notes
What melody, we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravished ear,
The tuneful shell, the golden lyre,
And vocal choir, the concert swell.

Angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See, how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join!
And in full chorus joy we bring.
Jesus, your King, is born to-day.

Glery to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your rapture fly
To earth's remotest bound!
For peace on earth, from God in heaven,
To man is given, at Jesus' birth.

HYMN 419.

Sovereign of worlds above,
And Lord of all below!
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy might and mercy show,
Thy spirit give to seal thy word,
That all may know and love the Lord,

Few be the years that roll, Ere all shall worship thee; The travail of his soul Soon may our Saviour see. The reign of sin, O Lord, destroy, The glory thine, and ours the joy.



HYMN 421.

To your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice proclaim his power,
His name adore, and loud rejoice.

Thon source of light and heat, Ordained to rule the day, Dispensing blessings round, With all-diffusive ray,— From morn to night, in every beam, Record his name, the God of Light.

Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise, in silent hosts.
To gild the azure plain,—
With countless ra/s declare his name,
Prolong the theme, reflect his praise.

Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their varied powers,
His might and skill proclaim.
Let nature raise from every tongue,
A thrilling song of grateful praise.

But O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow.
You voices raise, ye highly blest,
Above the rest declare his praise.

HYMN 422.

Let all created things
Their cheerful voices raise,
And own the King of kings
With thankful songs of praise.
Creating love should loud be sung,
Through every world, by every tongue.

Let angels, round the throne,
In joyful ranks above,
His power and goodness own,
And his preserving love;
With holy joy his praise proclaim,
And gladly shout your Maker's name.

Let all our favored race,
Wherever they may be,
Sing the Redeemer's grace,
And bow to him the knee;
He died for all,—and to restore
All things, he rose to die no more.

HYMN 423.

How pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the earth rejoice,
And wakes the lovely spring!
Bright suns arise, and zephyrs blow,
And beauties glow in earth and skies.

The morn, with glory crowned,
Ilis hand arrays in smiles;
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
Breath perfinnes the evening air,
And everywhere his beauty blooms.

With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms.
His gifts divine through all appear,
And through the year his mercies shing.

HYMN 424.

Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise;
Ye holy throng of angels bright,

Let every heart unite
To sound his praise divine;
His truth and love and light,
Can never know decline;
Wide as he reigns, his name be sung,
By every tongue, in joyous strains.

In worlds of light begin the song.

Let all the nations fear
The God of might above,
And every heart revere
The wonders of his love:
While earth and sky attempt his praise,
Our souls shall raise his honors high.

HYMN 425.

On what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow.
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

Now may we dwell in peace
Till here again we come;
And may our love increase
Till thou shalt bring us home.
Then shall we best thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.







Give glory to the Lord, Ye kindreds of the earth; His sovereign power record, And show his wonders forth, Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim, And every heart adores his name.

> 'Tis he the mountains crowns With forests waving wide; 'Tis he old ocean bounds,

And heaves her roaring tide; He swells the tempests on the main, Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain. Still let the waters roar,
As round the earth they roll;
His praise for evermore
They sound from pole to pole.

'Tis nature's wild, unconscious song, O'er thousand waves that floats along

His praise, ye worlds on high, Display, with all your spheres Amid the darksome sky, When silent night appears.

O, let his works declare his name, Through all the universal frame!

HYMN 427.

O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high! Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast salvation nigh: Cheerful in God, arise and shine, While rays divine stream all abroad.

He gilds thy mourning face With beams which cannot fade: His all-resplendent grace He pours around thy head: The nations round thy form shall view, The joyful news of sin forgiven, With lustre new divinely crowned.

In honor to his name, Reflect that sacred light; And loud that grace proclaim, Which makes thy darkness bright: Pursue his praise, till sovereign love, In worlds above, the glory raise.

HYMN 428.

The Lord Jehovalı reigns; His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes Are light and majesty. His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of his hand Keep the wide world in awe; His truth and justice stand To guard his holy law; And where his love resolves to bless, His truth confirms and seals the grace.

And can this mighty King Of glory condescend, To write his holy name My Father and my Friend? I love his name, I love his word; Join, all my powers, to praise the Lord. Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

HYMN 429.

Let earth and heaven agree, Angels and men be joined. To celebrate with me The Saviour of mankind: To praise the all-redeeming Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

O, for a trumpet's voice, On all the world to call, To bid their hearts rejoice In him who died for all! For all, my Lord was crucified, For all, for all, my Saviour died!

HYMN 430.

Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and power That ever mortals knew, Or angels ever bore; All are too mean to speak his worth. Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

Great prophet of our God, Our tongues shall bless thy name. By thee the joyful news Of our salvation came,-Of souls renew'd, and peace with heav'n.

Thou art the Prince of Peace, Our Leader and our Guide: Thy kingdom shall increase, Till all in thee abide: Redeemed of thee, in worlds above, Mankind will sing thy wondrous love.

HYMN 431.

Rejoice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King adore! Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore! Lift up the heart, lift up the voice ! Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail, Nor fail the love of heaven; The keys of death and hell Are to Messias given: Lift up the heart, lift up the voice! Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

He all his foes shall quell, Shall all our sins destroy, And every bosom swell, With pure seraphic joy. Lift up the heart, lift up the voice!

Rejoice in glorious hope! Our Lord in love shall come, And take his ransomed up To their eternal home: There every heart and every voice, Shall evermore in him rejoice.

DOXOLOGY.

Glory to God on high! For all his love to man; His glory is displayed In his redeeming plan. Rejoice in him, ye sons of men, And to that plan respond Amen.



HYMN 432.

B. fore the world was made, Or sun or planets shone, Salvation's base was laid In God's anointed Son, Who came to spread the truth abroad, And reconcile the world to God.

By mercy's hand upheld, His purpose firmly stands; And every soul shall yield To his divine commands. Tho' slain of men, his pleading breath Still meekly blest his foes in death!

Now raised to realms above, Where boundless mercies shine, He rules in light and love, And holiness divine. Forevermore the sinner's Friend, His grace and truth shall never end.

Hail, all-triumphant hour In which our Saviour rose! His grace, in saving power, For our salvation flows! His blessed truth he spreads abroad, To reconcile the world to God.

HYMN 443.

Adapted to Mariner.

Jesus, at thy command, I launch into the deep. And gladly leave the land Where sin lulls all asleep. For thee I fain would all resign, And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

Thon art my pilot wise; My compass is thy word; My soul each storm defies, Relying on my Lord. I trust thy wondrous skill and power, To save me in the trying hour.

Though on the pathless deep Appalling dangers rise, On him who will not sleep, My joyous hope relies. My anchor firmly shall abide, And I each boisterous storm outride.

By faith I see the land, The port of endless rest; My soul, thy sails expand, And fly to Jesus' breast! O may I reach the heavenly shore, Where winds and waves are known no In thee alone we find a rest, more.

HYMN 434.

With joy our eyes behold The glory of thy word, In living grace unfold! Thy love can cleanse the soul from sin. And breathe a heavenly joy within.

All-hail, redeeming Lord!

O haste that glorious time, That era of delight, When every land and clime Shall see thy holy light,-When all shall sing thy worthy praise, And ever walk in wisdom's ways,

HYMN 435.

Behold the fleecy snow! Behold the gentle rain! To heaven, from which they fall, They turn not back again, But water earth through every pore And call forth all her secret store, '

Arrayed in beauteous green, The hills and valleys shine, And man receives supplies From Providence divine. The harvest bows its golden ears, And plenty everywhere appears.

So, saith the God of grace, My gospel shall descend. Almighty to effect The purpose I intend: The race of man shall feel its power. And all be saved, to sin no more,

HYMN 436.

O Lord of glory! come, And bless thy people here; Our waiting minds illume; Our longing spirits cheer. By thee in truth divinely blest, In thee alone we seek a rest.

Thy gospel word display, In all its holy light. That here, in wisdom's way, Thy people may unite. We wait thy blessing from above; O grant us thy refreshing love!

And when we hence depart, Thy spirit still bestow. That so in every heart Thy blessing we may know. By thee alone divinely blest.



Join, all ye ransomed race, Our holy Lord to bless; Praise ye his name; In him we will rejoice, And make a joyful noise, Shonting with heart and voice, Worthy the Lamb. What though we change our place, Yet we shall never cease Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring, Hail him our gracious King, And without ceasing sing, Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 438.

Thou, whose almighty word, Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight! Hear us, we humbly pray, And where the gospel day, Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light!"

Thou, who didst come to bring, On thy redrenning wing, Healing and sight! Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind,—O now, to all mankind, "Let there be light!"

Spirit of truth and love, Life-giving, holy Dove! Speed forth thy flight; Move on the waters' face, Bearing the lamp of grace, And in earth's darkest place, "Let there be light!"

HYMN 439.

My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where our fathers died; Land of our noblest pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring!

My native country! thee— Land of the noble free— Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let every tongue awake; Let all who breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God! by thee— May freedom's blessings be Spread wide abroad! Ere long may earth be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protected by thy might, O Lord, our God!

HYMN 440.

May all our pow'rs of mind, To God, our Father kind, An anthem raise; Whose cloud of glory bright, With beams of heavenly light, Dispels the gloom of night; O sing his praise.

In love to all our race, He sent his truth and grace, In saving power; He breaks oppression's chain, And, in his heavenly reign, Delusion, fear and pain, Are known no more.

His truth's celestial ray, In wisdom's holy way, Reveals his love; His love's celestial light, Now bursting on the sight, Unfolds the pure delight Of courts above.

HVMN 441.

Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing— Help us to praise:— Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

Come, thou eternal Lord, By heaven and earth adored, Our prayer attend:— Come, and thy people bless; Give thy good word success; Make thine own holiness On us descend.

Be thou our comforter; Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour:— Omnipotent thou art: O, rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!

O Holy One! to thee Eternal praises be, Hence, evermore:— We in thy world of light, Glowing with pure delight, With angels shall unite, Thee to adore.



HYMN 442.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,— Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,— They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft ye winds, the story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our rausomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, Renovator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

· HYMN 443.

To thee, my God and Saviour, My soul exulting sings; Rejoicing in thy favor, Almighty King of kings! Fil celebrate thy glory With all thy saints above, And tell the joyful story Of thy redeeming love.

Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear:
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

Thy gracious love possessing
In all my pilgrim road,
My soul shall feel thy blessing
In thy divine abode.
There bowing down before thee,
My every conflict o'er,
My spirit shall adore thee,
Forever, evermore,

HYMN 444.

Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away transgression, And our Redeemer be.

He comes, with succour speedy, To those who suffer wrong, To help the poor and needy, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sighing, Their darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dying, Were precious in his sight.

O'er every foe victorious, He on his throne shall rest, From age to age more glorious, All-blessing and all-blest. The tide of time shall never His covenant remove: His name shall stand forever; That name to us is Love,

HYMN 445.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days;
And God of Love;
Jeliovah, Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Foreyer blessed.

The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme command From earth I, rise, and seek the joys At his right hand: I all on earth forsake, Its wisdom, fame, and power, And him my only portion make,

My shield and tower.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on angel wings upborne
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore,



Verses 2-3.

Blessed Comforter, come down, And live and move in me; Make my every deed thine own, In all things led by thee: Bid all care and fear depart, And within, O deign to dwell; Faithful Witness, in my heart Thy perfect light reveal.

Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee;
Make me choose the better part,
And thy holy word fulfil;
Send the Witness to my heart,
And mould me to thy will.

HYMN 447.

Now, e'en now, to thee I yield,
And with my sorrows part;
Saviour, to my faith revealed,
O fill my longing heart!
Doubts and fears have fied away,—
My Redeemer thee I call;
Now I see the perfect day—
And thou art all in all.

Saviour, every heart inspire,
With that pure love of thine,—
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine.
Purify our hearts like gold;
All the dross of sin remove;
Met our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 448.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and noon, and stars'decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above,

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a spirit born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, Press onward to the prize; Soon our Saviour will return, Triumphant in the skies; Yet a season, and you know Happy entrance will be given, All our sorrows left below, And earth exchanged for heaven.

HYMN 449.

Praise the Lord, who reigns above, And keeps his courts below; Praise him for his boundless love, And all his greatness show. Praise him for his noble deeds; Praise him for his matchless power; Him, from whom all good proceeds, Let earth and heaven adore.

Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name:
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Him Prince of Peace proclaim,
Praise him, every tuneful string;
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King.
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.
13*

HYMN 450.

Great is our redeeming Lord,
In power and truth and grace;
Him, by angel-hosts adored,
Believers ever praise.
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
And all his greatness show,

For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay;
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display.
With thy name thy praise is known,—
Glorious thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own,
Thy works are all divine.

In thy gracious love secure, We rest upon a rock; All thy promises are sure,— Abiding every shock. May our spirits ever rest, In thy eternal love, Here therein be always blest, 'And blest therein above.

HYMN 451.

Saviour, whom our hearts adore, To bless our earth again, Now display thy saving power, And o'er the nations reign. Open thou the radiant seene, Of thy triumph all divine, That the gloomy reign of sin, May evermore decline.

Universal Saviour! thou
Witt all thy creatures bless;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
None shall in thy mount destroy,—
Sin defile the earth no more,—
Angels shall be filled with joy,
And all mankind adore.

When, according to thy word, Salvation is revealed,—
Unto thee, redeening Lord,
The hearts of men shall yield.
Open thou the radiant scene,—
In all thy glory shine,
That thy reign may now begin,
The reign of love divine.



Verses 2, 3.

From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In gladness and delight.
Though now we are but strangers.

And pilgrims here below; Though countless snares and dangers Surround the path we go; Though painful and distressing, There is a rest above; And onward still we're pressing, To reach that land of love.

HYMN 453.

The joyful seene before us,

Demands a thankful song; While angels, hovering o'er us,

O'er sin and death victorious.

The notes of praise prolong:

Our Saviour reigns above;
The triumph has been glorious
Of his redeeming love.
The joyful scene before us,
May well attune each voice,
To join the angel-chorus,
And in our Lord rejoice!
His all-redeeming spirit,
Mankind shall yet restore,
And man, in love, inherit
His blessing evermore.



There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
This hope each rising fear controls
—All is serene in heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom, Beyond the dark and narrow tomb, Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN 455.

This world is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

And he who walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray;
Feels something here of heaven.

He that the Christian course hath run, And all his foes forgiven; Hath measured out life's little span, In love to God and love to man, On earth has tasted heaven.

HYMN 456.

Sing hallelujah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheerful voice; Exalt our God with one accord; O praise him for his gracious word, And in his truth rejoice.

By him in mercy ever blest,
To him our thanks we owe;
Of his redeeming grace possessed,
Our souls enjoy a heavenly rest
Begun on earth below.



HYMN 457.

Adapted to Winchester.

O where shall rest be found— Rest for the weary soul— When darkness looms around, And waves of anguish roll? Where shall we find repose— Whither, O whither flee? Where find relief from wees, Where sorrow will not be?

Blooming the flowers may grow— Bright be the sky above— Warmly our hearts may glow, In friendship's holy love. But clouds of deepest gloom Come o'er the brightest sky; And friends, like flowers that bloom, Soon wither, fade, and die!

There is a Friend on high,
Who bids us trust in Him;
His grace is ever nigh—
His eye is never dim!
Lord, on thy loving breast
We will in faith repose;
There find a welcome rest,
From all our cares and woes.

HYMN 458.

Adapted to Meredith.

Once more before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Let every tongue and heart
His wondrous grace proclaim—
Let every tongue and heart
His wondrous grace proclaim.

Lord, in thy name we come;
Thy blessing still impart;
We met in Shiloh's name,
In Shiloh's name we part.

Still on thy holy word, We'll live and feed and grow; Go on to know the Lord, And practice what we know.

Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
May every tongue and heart
Thy wondrous love proclaim—
May every tongue and heart
Thy wondrous love proclaim.

HYMN 459. Adapted to Winchester.

O Thou, whose light divine, 'Whose rays of heavenly love, Amid the darkness shine, To guide our souls above! Thy loving still small voice Hath cheered our pilgrim-way In thee will we rejoice, Though earthly hopes decay.

Thou, whose inspiring breath Can make the cloud of care, And e'en the vale of death, A smile of glory wear! Eternal thanks be thine, Author of all our joys! Thou didst our hearts incline To hear thy pardoning voice

Thy ever-gracious will
To bless has never failed,
And scenes of seeming ill,
Were blessings not unveiled
Strong in thy faith, may we
Still on thy love rely;
Lord, may we live to thee,
And in thy favour die.

HYMN 460.

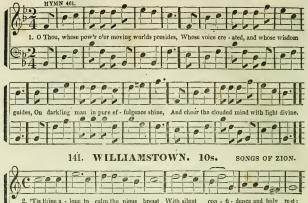
Adapted to Mered'sh.

The God who reigns alone, O'er earth and sea and sky, Let man with praises own, And sound his honors high— Let man with praises own, And sound his honors high.

Him all in heaven above, Him all on earth below, The boundless source of love, The great Creator, know.

He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind
And only he may claim
The worship of mankind.

But through his gracious Son, His mercies he displays; And through his Son we own The rapture of our praise— And through his Son we own The rapture of our praise.





HYMN 462.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise! Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day! See a long race thy spacious courts adorn, See future sons and daughters yet unborn, In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies! See barbarous nations at thy gates attend, Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend! See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings, While every land its joyous tribute brings! The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away, But fixed his word, his saving power remains,—Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

SAVANNAH. WILLIAMSTOWN.

HYMN 463.

Again the day returns of holy rest, Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest; When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be piety—and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian—and in death our Friend;
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

HYMN 464.

Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest, What heavenly peace and transport fill the breast! When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love deteends, And kindly holds communion with his friends. Let earth and all its vanities be gone, Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone; Its flattering, fading glories I despise, And to immortal beauties turn my eyes. Fain would I mount, and penetrate the skies, And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes: Oh! meet my rising soul, thon God of love, And waft it to the blissful realms above!

HYMN 465.

Thou great Supreme-thou only just and true, To thee alone, are praise and glory due; Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim Immortal honors to thy holy name. Thou art our God! we pay our praise to thee, Low at thy feet we bow th' adoring knee; Shine through the earth, exert thy sovereign sway, And bid the erring world thy laws obey. Thy throne, O God, forever shall endure: Thy word of promise stands forever sure; Thy justice shall to all the earth be shown, And thou shalt reign, almighty and alone. Zion rejoice !- exalt the Saviour's name : His arm shall fill thy foes with burning shame; Then to his name, let loud hosannas rise, From all below, and all above the skies.

HYMN 466.

From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade. Ue is the Lord, by prophets long foretold: Hear him, ye deaf—and all ye blind, behold! He comes to make his saving grace abound, Wherever sin and sorrow may be found.



HYMN 468.

How charmingly sounds The word of the Lord. Where witness abounds That man is restored! How rich our possession In glory shall be, From sin and pollution Forever set free !

With joy we record The truth and the grace, Of Jesus our Lord To all of our race. Enjoying his spirit, The spirit of love. Mankind shall inherit His blessing above.

The record is true. And witness is given, Our hearts to imbue With graces of heaven. O may our devotion In purity flow, And every emotion With gratitude glow.

HYMN 469.

Ye servants of Christ, Your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful name: The name all-victorious Of Jesus extol: His kingdom is glorious. And rules over all.

He ruleth on high, Almighty to save, And still he is nigh; His presence we have: The great congregation His triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.

Then let us adore, And give him his right, All glory and power, And wisdom and might; All honor and blessing, With angels above, And thanks never ceasing, And infinite love.

HYMN 470.

Thy grace we adore. Creator divine! The kingdom and power. And glory are thine! No evil can sever Our spirits from Thee! Thy blessing forever Is boundless and free '

O may we e'er learn Thy word to fulfil; And ever discern The love of thy will .-Till bowing before thee, We hallow thy name, Ascribing all glory To God and the Lamb!

HYMN 471.

O praise ye the Lord, Extol ve his name, His mercies record, His bounties proclaim. To God our Creator, Creation should raise The song of thanksgiving, The chorus of praise.

And man, his last work. With reason endued. Corrupted by sin, By mercy renewed,-To God his Redeemer, With joy let him raise The song of thanksgiving, The chorus of praise!

HYMN 472.

How glorious the Lord Is seen on his throne! His labours are o'er, His conquests put on. A kingdom is given Into the Lord's hand. In earth and in heaven, Forever to stand.

Believers below. O trust in the Lord: Confide in the grace Revealed in his word. Athirst for his favor. His mercy adore; Rejoice in your Saviour, And joy evermore.

Hymns 467-476 inclusive, are adapted to either of the tunes on pages 156, 158. 14



HYMN 474.

O praise ye the Lord—prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices united the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises with music divine.

Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend; Let each grateful heart be glad in its King; The God whom we worship our songs will attend, And view with complacence the offering we bring.

Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might, And let your glad songs awake with each morn; For those who obey him are still his delight— His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

Then praise ye the Lord-prepare a glad song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices united the authem prolong, And show forth his praises with music divine.

HYMN 475.

O praise ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

Let them his great name devoutly adore; In loud swelling strains his praises express, Who graciously opens his bountiful store, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

Ye angels above, whose anthems divine, In loftiest notes, are sounding his praise, With you in the rapture our spirits shall join, And sing of the blessings our Saviour displays.

HYMN 476.

O worship the King all glorious above! O gratefully sing his unsearchable love! Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Whose love is the splendour, inspiring to praise!

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail; In Thee is our trust, which never can fail! Thy mercies how tender! how sure to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!

O wonderful might! ineffable love! While angels delight to hymn thee above, The humbler creation, though feeble our lays, With true adoration, shall echo thy praise.

O may we e'er be, in all of our ways, Devoted to thee in worship and prarse; And ever possessing thy grace in our hearts, Enjoy the rich blessing thy wisdom imparts.



HYMN 478.

O thou who, in mourning o'er friends who depart, Desirest the comforts which faith can impart, And prayest from doubting and gloom to be free,— The voice of the Spirit is whispering to thee.

O heed thou its teachings, and learn to confide In him who is ever our Guardian and Guide; In meekness rely on the mercy above,— The words of the Saviour are breathings of love,

O thou who art praying that mercy may win, All natior and kindreds from error and sin,— Attend the in silence, and ponder thy plea;— The voice of the Spirit is whispering to thee.

Our Father and Saviour is better than thou;— Believe in his wisdom, and gratefully bow,— Rejoice in the grace of the heavenly Dove— The words of the Saviour are breathings of love.

The reign of transgression and darkness shall cease, For mercy will prosper the kingdom of peace; And when thou art praying that thus it may be, The voice of the Spirit is whispering to thee.

go.



HYMN 480.

To Thee, O my Saviour, to Thee will I cling, For Thou art my Lord, my Redeemer and King; And feeling Thy blessing, my spirit shall know, Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

go,

Farewell to the anguish of doubt and despair, And welcome the rapture of praise and of prayer, Since, meekly confiding, in faith I rejoice, To hear the sweet tones of Thy comforting voice.

Around me there shineth the heavenly ray Which scattereth clouds and their shadows away, And melteth my soul in devotional glow,-For mercy is with me wherever I go.

Farewell to the pleasures which time can afford. Since Thou art my glory, my Saviour and Lord; Nor fear I the darkness of death and the tomb. Since Thou art my Light in the midst of the gloom.

Before me there gloweth, around and above, The pledges of favour, the tokens of love; And gratitude teacheth my spirit to know, Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.



HYMN 481.

Though troubles assail me, and dangers surround, Though thorns in my pathway may ever be found, Still let me not fear, for Thou ever wilt be, My God and my Guide while I lean upon Thee.

The sweet buds of promise may fade ere they bloom, The hopes which are earth-born, lie low in the tomb; And though my life's pathway seem weary to me, I shall gather new strength as I lean upon Thee.

Though bound to the world by the heart's dearest ties, Though earth's fairest scenes are outspread to my eyes, O never, my Father! permit me to be Found trusting to reeds,—let me lean upon Thee.

In all my afflictions, O let me still feel, That Thou, who hast smitten, wilt graciously heal; And let thy rich promise my Comforter be,— While trusting in mercy I lean upon Thee.

And in the last hour, when my spirit may stay No longer on earth, but is summoned away,—Amid those bright scenes, which no mortal may see, Let me joy in Thy love, as I lean upon Thee.

HYMN 482.

O why should the hearts of believers be sad, Or religion be clothed in the vestments of gloom? In heaven above there are none but the glad, And we are their kindred, and heaven's our home.

Mourn we for the dead—for the dearly loved dead— Whe've left us, (how early!) to linger behind? They live in our Saviour, our own living Head, And in him, once more, we with them shall be joined.

Weep we for the living—the cruel, the vain,
The proud and self-righteous, who scoff at our faith?
All-powerful Love even them will reclaim—
Unbelief will be lost in the life beyond death.

The ends of the carth—all the offspring of God—Shall with us be saved, and Jehovah adore;—Alsaufering shall cease, sin and death be destroyed—O what can the souls of believers ask more!

Then rend from religion the drapery of gloom, And banish forever all doubt and despair; Let Faith, Hope and Love every moment illume, And good-will to man be the heart's constant prayer.

By the light of the gospel, earth's valley of tears
Is arched o'er with rainbows that smile as they weep;
And evil's dark cloud fades in skies that it clears,
Till death, even death's but a child's peaceful sleep.

Then, oh let believers, o'er fast-flitting hours,
Spread the bliss that our faith and our duty adorns,
Till Time, growing hopeless of reaping life's flowers,
Shall take from us only its sorrows and thorns!

A. B. G

HYMN 483.

O come to Mount Zion, the mount of the Lord! Come breathe of the odour of Sharon's bright rose, Where olives and vines spread their branches abroad, And hallow its beauty with peace and repose.

Come ye who are thirsty, and drink of the fount! Come worship in beauty of holiness here; Jehovah of nations is King of the mount! Come yield him the heart in devotional fear.

The Lamb of the pasture, whose blood hath made white The robes of all nations beneath the broad skies, Shall lead you to waters of life and delight, And God shall wipe softly the tears from all eyes.

Ye who are an hungered, in thankfulness come, And freely partake of the life-giving bread; In mansions of mercy there ever is room, And ever the feast is abundantly spread.

O come to Mount Zion, the holy of God! And sing the new song of salvation and praise: Come walk in the pathway our Saviour hath trod, And follow in meekness the least of his ways.

S. C. E.



Verses 2, 3, 4.

Ye heart-stricken sons and ye daughters of woe, For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow; Your souls to the blessed Redeemer unite;— His yoke it is easy, his burden is light. And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray, Come, walk in "the light, and the truth, and the way." Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart; For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart. Now thanks be to him who hath given us light, The way of the Christian is easy and bright; And humbly when touched by the chastening rod, He bows to the will of his Father and God.

HYMN 485.

How firm a foundation, we saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word; What more can he say than to you he hati said, Ye who unto Jesus for refuge have fled. In every condition—in sickness and health, In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may demand, so thy succour shall be. He who on the Saviour hath leaned for repose, Hath found a safe refuge from sorrows and woes This blessed assurance, no trial shall shake, That, Jesus will never—no, never forsake



How damp were the vapors that fell on his head! How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed! The angels, astonished, beheld the sad sight, And watched o'er the Saviour with solemn delight.

O garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot; The theme most transporting to scraphs above, The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!

O come and behold him! come bow at his feet! O give him the glory, the praise that is meet! Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise, To join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

HYMN 487.

O why should we mourn, when the summons of death Requires the frail mortal to yield up his breath? O why, when our loved ones are called to depart, Say why, then, should sorrow oppress the lone heart?

And why, when we view the pale corse of our friend, Should sorrow oppress us, our bosoms to rend; When we feel, when we know that a meeting above, Shall be ours in the mansions of Infinite love?

Nay, should we not rather be glad of decay, Since earth and its pleasures are passing away? When true hearts have withered, and fond ones have flown, O who would inhabit this bleak world alone!



HYMN 488.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; There storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; Are storm of the stor

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin; Temptation without, and corruption within; E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from you heaven, that blissful abode! Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet; While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

HYMN 489.

The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide; Whatever we want he will kindly provide; To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound; The care and protection his flock will surround.

The Lord is our shepherd—what, then, shall we fear? Shall dangers affrighten us while he is near? O, no—when he calls us, we'll walk through the vale, The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.

Afraid by ourselves to pursue the dark way, Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay: We know, by thy guidance, when once it is past, To life and to glory it brings us at last.

The Lord is become our salvation and song; His blessings have followed us all our life long;— His name will we praise while he lends to us breath, Be joyful through his, and resigned in our death.

HYMN 490.

The Lord is my shepherd—no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures—safe folded I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow; Restores me when wandering—redeens when oppressed. Through valley and shadow of death though I stray, Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me—thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall with my Comforter near. In midst of affliction my table is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil thou anointest my head; O what shall I ask of thy providence more? Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,

Still follow my steps till I meet thee above; I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod In days of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.



2. Our Jesus still lives, and his love is the same; He triumphs in glory who died in shame! He weeps no more, and his own sovereign grace Shall wipe off the tears from each weeping face. Then let us love him who loved his foes, Whose Gospel has balm to heal our woes; His grace be our song while we have breath, Our pillow, his arm, in the hour of death.
L. C. B.



The trumpet shall sound, and the dead all arise, To dwell in the kingdom of life in the skies.



- With wonder and joy, every eye shall behold The portals of light and of glory unfold! Heav'ns arches shall ring — the Saviour appear — The news of salvation shall greet every ear.
- 3. The deaf shall all hear, and the dumb shall all sing; The blind shall discover that Jesus is King; The lame shall all walk, and the mourners rejoice— The poor and the simple believe in his voice.
- 4. No thunders of wrath or of terror shall roll, But breathings of mercy shall gladden each soul; Our Lord shall be crowned the Redeemer of men, And all shall unite in a joyful Amen!
- All evil destroyed, every sorrow shall cease, And all men rejoice in the fulness of peace; Redeemed of the Lord, they his love shall extol, And God in his glory shall be all in all.

HYMN 493. Browne, 154.

- How fearful and sad is the chilling gloom
 Of the coffin and shroud, of the pall and tomb!
 How cold is the eye, when the light of love
 Hath fled to its fount in the kingdom above!
- And the relict heart, with its pulseless grief, How silent it lies, like a fallen leaf!
 All, all the bright fancies it tenderly wove, Are faded and fled to the kingdom above!
- 3. But soft as the ray of the vernal sun, The hallowing hope of heaven beams on; And the gentle voice of the heavenly Dove, Is leading that heart to the kingdom above.
- 4. No longer the shroud and the pall wear gloom,— They are travelling robes to a fairer home, Where hearts that were linked by an earthly love, Shall meet to inherit the kingdom above. S. C. E. 15



HYMN 494.

HYMN 495.

O Thou, whose love o'er scenes of sadness The light of other days is faded, A gleam of joy can throw, And all their glory's past,

And gild with rainbow tints of gladness For time, with darkling wing, has shaded The darkest cloud of woe;

The hopes too bright to last. The humble heart, the bow'd in sorrow, But o'er the path by grief long clouded, In, love may still revere, Now shines a purer ray;

For the hope of sunlight on the morrow, And the heart ne'er feels in sorrow The night of grief can cheer.

Tho' on the bed of pain we languish, Or in affliction sigh,-

O'er loved ones, when they die,-

In thee confiding, blessed Saviour! We lean upon thy breast;

And the hope of thy unchanging favor, And the light of life shall glow forever Inspires thy heavenly rest.

That earth should pass away. The light of life in glory beaming, New hopes and pleasures bloom,

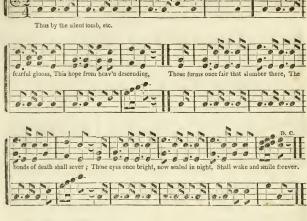
Or though we weep the tears of anguish And faith, with holy joys now teeming We feel nor doubt nor gloom.

shrouded

Tho' death the ties of earth shall sever Its reign will soon he o'er;

When time shal! be no more.





HYMN 496.

Oft, by the silent tomb, Where grief is darkly bending, Breaks through the fearful gloom, This hope, from heaven descending,—

Those forms once fair,

That slumber there,
The bonds of death shall sever;
Those eyes once bright,
Now sealed in night.

Shall wake and smile forever.
Thus by the silent tomb, etc.

O, when we meet again The friends that moulder round us, Freed from each darkling chain

Of grief, on earth that bound us,— Each parting knell, Each tear that fell,

Shall be forgotten ever,—
As, round the throne,
Close joined in one,

We clasp, no more to sever. Thus by the silent tomb, etc.

HYMN 497.

Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Remembrance brings the light

Of love divine around me.
The still small voice,
Bids me rejoice,

In words of comfort spoken;
And o'er life's track,
My mind looks back,

To promises ne'er broken. Thus in the stilly night, etc.

When humbly I recall The tokens of his favour, I see in him, of all

The Father, Friend and Saviour,-

Whose love to me, Thus far hath not abated, Will never let

His grace forget A soul his power created.

A soul his power created.

Thus in the stilly night, etc.



HYMN 498.

Hail the blest morn! see the great Mediator Down from the regions of glory descend; Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,-Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall: Angels, adore him, in slumber reclining, Friend, and Redeemer, and Saviour of all! Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion, Odors of Edom, and offerings divine? Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine? Vainly we offer each ample oblation: Vainly with gifts would his favors secure; Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,-Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!



HYMN 499.

Dear friend of friendless sinners, hear, And magnify thy grace divine :

That would his heart to thee resign. A worm, by self and sin opprest,

With holy fear and reverend love,

I long to lie beneath thy throne: I long in thee to live and move,

And stay myself on thee alone: Teach me to lean upon thy breast, To find in thee THE PROMISED REST.

In perfect peace, whose minds shall be Bring in the sad reverse of pain,-Like new born babes, or helpless sheep, My Saviour bowed to know the strife, Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee; And rose above the ills of life; How calm their state, how truly blest, Who trust in thee, the PROMISED REST.

Take me, my Saviour, as thine own, And vindicate my righteous cause; Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,

And bend me to obey thy laws; In thy dear arms of love caressed. Give me to find thy PROMISED REST.

HYMN 500.

Should pain and sickness o'er me throw Their pallid forms of wasting woe,-Forgive a worm that would draw near, Should friends forsake me, and depart, With none to cheer my drooping heart, I'd bow submissive to thy will, Who pants to reach thy PROMISED REST. And tho' thou slay me, trust thee still.

> Should scorn and hatred point the dart, Should falsehood reach the vital part, Composed my ruined hopes I'd view, And trust in thee to bear me through: I'd bow in meekness to thy will,

And tho' thou slay me, trust thee still. Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep Should want, with all her meagre train.

> To that great pattern bows my will, And tho' thou slay me, trusts thee still.

O Father, thou art good and just, And in thy grace I'll ever trust; My chastened heart, with glad acclaim. Shall still rejoice in thy dear name,

Confiding in thy gracious will .-And tho' thou slay me, trust thee still.

15 *



HYMN 501.

The voice of free-grace, from the Lord's holy mountain, Inviteth our race to the life-giving fountain. The fountain that bursteth becometh a river. And he who now thirsteth, may drink and thirst never, For freely it floweth—and floweth for ever.

Still soundeth the voice !—'tis the voice of the Saviour, That biddeth rejoice in his full and free favor. The might of his spirit from sin shall deliver, And we shall inherit his blessing forever: The fountain of mercy in him faileth never.

We'll love him the more when life's journey is over, For then we the more of his grace shall discover. In God's holy mountain, where light shineth ever, Where bursteth the fountain, whose stream faileth never, All nations, all kindreds, shall serve him for ever.



HYMN 502.

Joy to the world! for the Lord is victorions
O'er death and the coldness and night of the tomb!
Reigning in love, his dominion is glorious,
And light has dispelled all the shadows of gloom:
Joy to the world! for the Lord is victorious,
O'er death and the coldness and night of the tomb!

Strong were his foes, but the might that distinguished His mission and spirit, was mightier far! Vainly they deemed that his light was extinguished— He rose, and he shines as the bright Morning Star!

Hail, blessed Shiloh! we love and adore thee, And low at thy feet we rejoicingly fall: Thou art our Life, our Redeemer, and Glory, For thee we behold as the Saviour of all!

Joy to the world! for our Lord is victorious,
And darkness and doubt shall oppress us no more!
Christian, rejoice! for his kingdom is glorious,
And he in his triumph mankind will restore:
Joy to the world! for our Lord is victorious,
And darkness and doubt shall oppress us no more!

hill, they press'd up Zion's



hill,- Was but their raptur'd song of praise, For triumphs of re-





dation,— Serve him, and he will e - ver be, The Rock of thy sal - vation.

If distress befall thee,

Dangers may approach thee,

If distress befall thee,
Painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee;
To thy Saviour flee.
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,

And calm thy perturbation;
The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of thy Salvation.

When earth's prospects fail thee, Let it not distress; Better comforts wait thee; Christ will freely bless.

To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be, Thy heavenly consolation; For grief below cannot o'erthrow The Rock of thy Salvation. The Rock of thy Salvation.

Let not death alarm thee;
Shrink not from his blow
For thy God shall arm thee,
And victory bestow.

Let them not alarm;

To Jesus fly,-he's ever nigh,

Christ will ever watch thee, And protect from harm.

To ward off each temptation;

He near thee stands, with mighty hands,

For death shall bring to thee no sting, The grave no desolation; 'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,

The Rock of thy Salvation.





Cold though the world be, in the way before thee, Wail not in sadness o'er the darkling tomb; God in his love still watcheth kindly o'er thee,—Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom!

Dimmed tho' thine eyes be with the tears of sorrow, Night be but known beneath the sky of time,—Faith may behold the dawning of a morrow, Glowing in smiles of life and joy sublime.

Change, then, O mourner, grief to exultation; Firm and confiding may thy spirit be: Strong is his arm, the God of our salvation— Strong is his word to cheer and comfort thee.







HYMN 506.

O thon in whose goodness and favor, The soul may repose;

And find in the love of a Saviour, A balm for its woes.

The' shadows of sorrow surround us.

Thy smile is a heaven below: We know that thy arm is around us, In mercy, wherever we go.

Attended by conflicts and dangers, Wherever we roam,

We feel we are pilgrims and strangers, Away from our home.

But thou with thy children art ever, Who humbly in thee confide:

And nought from thy mercy can sever, If we in thy spirit abide.

When time and its journey are over, The weary shall rest:

And pilgrims thy grace shall discover,

By thee ever blest. O may we, this promise possessing,

Rejoice in thy gracious love ; The height and the depth of thy blessing, And feel that redemption is precious, Shall crown us with glory above,

HYMN 507.

The word of redemption, how precious To them who believe!

The gifts of the spirit, how gracious To them who receive!

Let others rejoice in the glory That earth and its sons bestow;

A glory divine is before me,-None other my spirit shall know.

The world, tho' in beauty it shineth, Is passing away:

And he for its pleasures who pineth, Must lean on decay.

The word of the Lord faileth never, And never his light grows dim;

His mercy endureth forever,-I ever will glory in him.

The fount of his grace ever floweth,

The fountain of love; The light of his truth ever gloweth,

Around and above. Thy promise, Redeemer all-gracious, O may all the world believe;

To them who thy spirit receive.







HYMN 508.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throug.

What though th'embattled legions Of earth and sin combine,— His arm throughout their regions Shall soon in terror shine. Gird on thy sword victorious, Immanuel, Prince of Peace! Thy triumph shall be glorious, Ere yet the battle cease.

Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

HYMN 509.

Hark to the cheering voice Of the grace from the throne above; They who believe, rejoice To hear of a Saviour's love.

Come to the gracious feast
Of the Lord in his holy mount;
And of the stream here taste,
That flows from the living fount.
They who obey the call.

And in spirit the word believe,
Joy in the Lord of a!!,
And life and its light receive.

Ye who in darkness mourn O'er the shadows around the tomb,— Rays of salvation's morn Here scatter the darkest gloom.

Ho! all ye fainting hearts, Who the tears of desire have shed,— Faith in the Lord imparts The true and the living bread.

Ho! every one that thirsts!
Here the fountain is flowing free!
Forth from the Rock it bursts,
And flowing it ever shall be.

Ĭ6



HYMN 510.

Stars upon the brow of night, Speeding forth on wings of light, In your long melodious flight, Hallelnjahs sing!

Flowers with overflowing brims. Drooping on your dewy stems. Lift your dedicated hymns To th' Almighty King!

Anthems ring through all the sky, Ocean's coral harps reply! Earth! lift up thy voice on high. Praise thy Maker's name! Praise Him, choristers of air! Praise Him, creatures of His care ! Morning song and evening prayer, Should his love proclaim!

Praise the great, the Holy One, For the wonders He has done, For His dear, anointed Son, Sent to shed his blood! Praise Him, children of his love! Loud hosannas lift above! He will never thoughtless prove. Of your gratitude!

Let us never cease to praise Him who guides us in His ways. Or forget our hearts to raise, In adoring love. Father, on thy throne of light! Keep us in Thy careful sight! Till at last we all unite In our home above! S. C. E.

HYMN 511.

Saviour! our hearts we bring, Thee to extol: And thy great love we sing, Saviour of all! Humble our hymn may be, But thou our glowing hearts canst see, Best emblem of thy light sublime Truly confessing thee, Saviour of all!

Blessings we hear thee breathe, Thou Spirit Dove! Garlands we see thee wreathe. In worlds above. When life with us is o'er, In grateful homage we'll adore, And laud forevermore, Thy saving love!

HYMN 512.

Thou whose wide extended sway. Suns and systems e'er obey l Thon, our Guardian and our Stay. Grace and truth impart; May thy word its power display, And thy love-enkindling ray, Warm, enlighten, and assay Every waiting heart.

Thine we are, and humbly we Lift the voice, and bend the knee! Thon art worthy, and shalt be Evermore adored: In prospective, Lord, we see Jew and Gentile, bond and free, Reconciled in Christ to thee.

Holy, holy Lord!

Thou by all shalt be confessed. Ever blessing, ever blest, When to thy eternal rest In the courts above, Thou shalt bring the sore oppress'd . Fill each joy-desiring breast; Make of each a welcome guest, At the feast of love.

When destroying death shall die. Hushed be every rising sigh, Tears be wiped from every eye, Nevermore to fall; Then shall praises fill the sky, And angelic hosts shall cry. Holy, Holy Lord, Most High, Thou art all in all!

HYMN 513.

Thy bounties, Lord, we see, Around, above; All nature breathes of thee, And of thy love. The sun, undimmed by time, Proclaims, in every clime, Thy boundless love.

Gently the dews distil, Rains sweetly fall, Teaching thy great good-will Alike to all. Lord, may thy holy word By all mankind in faith be heard, Breathing of grace conferred By thee, on all.



Round us we gaze on the works of creation, Wisdom and goodness in all things we see; Brighter by far in the plan of salvation, Shineth the grace that proceeded from thee! Forward we look, and the brightness of glory Dawneth resplendent from mansions above; Ransomed from sorrow, each soul shall adore thee, Filled with the fruits of unsearchable lovel.

Darkness and doubling forever departed, Sighing and sorrow forever shall cease; And in the grace, by Jehovah imparted, Joy shall roll on in the river of peace. Thou of salvation the author and giver, Oft shall remembrance thy mercies recall; Lauded and hallowed forever and ever, Be the Creator and Saylory of all.

HYMN 515.

Spirit of beauty, of love and creation!
Thou who art smiling in fountains and flowers!
Here on thy altar we pour a libation,
Incense to the love from well-springs in ours.

Up from the fountains of faith and thanksgiving, Rises the rainbow of praise o'er the heart: Sunbeans of mercy, all darkness outliving, Brightness, and beauty, and glory impart.

Oh! for thy mercy, our Father Elernal, Voices and harp iones thy prakes shall sing: Fresh from our spirits, all balmy and vernal, Blessings and honors to the we will bring. Bless thee, O Father! thou King of stlyation! Love is thy diadem, mercy thy sea!!
Truth thy unchanging, eternal foundation, Justice thy secprite to bruise and to heal.

Quicken. O spirit of love and creation! Quicken our hearts with devotional fire; Kirdle a flame in the shrine of oblation, Waken our love with thy magical lyre. Now from the altar our music is stealing, Upward and onward to thee on thy throne:

Bless, dearest Father, this tribute of feeling, Poor tho' the song be, for love wakes the tone,

S. C. E.



HYMN 516.

Swell the loud paan! be gratitude blended With offerings of praise to the Infinite Love! Laud ve the Father of him who ascended, Through death and its gloom to glory above! Laud him, ve people-ve aged and hoary-Ye youthful and buoyant, his goodness recall; Lift up the soul to the "excellent glory"

Of God, the Creator and Saviour of all!

Come from the desert of darkness and error,-Dwell in the Eden of ransoming grace,-Leave the dominions of doubting and terror,-The truth of redemption, O gladly embrace. Nature resplendently shadows around you, Light and the halo of goodness divine! Burst from the fetters so long that have bound you. For safe in his favor. To Christ and his freedom forever incline.

Laud him, ye people !- from valley and mountain, When life sinks apace, Let prans of gratitude humbly arise; Open the gates of the heart's purest fountain,-Pour forth its praises to God in the skies! Join the glad anthem!-throughout every nation The song of thanksgiving exultingly raise;

Rejoicing fore'er in the light of salvation, To God be ascriptions of glory and praise. J. P. The Lord will previde

VERSES 2, 3, 4.

His call we obev. Like Abraham of old. Not knowing our way. But faith makes us bold: For though we are strangers. We have a sure Guide, And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, Or goodness, we claim; Yet since we have known Our Immanuel's name, In him as our Saviour, We ever confide,

The Lord will provide.

And death is in view, This word of his grace Shall comfort us through: To him ever cleaving,

His call we'll abide, In gladness believing

16*





kneel at his shrine, And meekly pre - senting our hundle, grateful vow, We will



- 3 There the river of mercy so sweetly, sweetly flows,
 From the throne of our God and the Lumb!
 There the tree of salvation and blessing ever grows,
 And it blooms in the smile of I AM!
- 4 O brightly serene is the joyous welcome ray,
 That now dawns on the darkness of time!
 For it lighteth the path of our weary pilgrim way,
 By the dawn of an era sublime.
- 5 We will sing hallelujah, and fervently adore, Hallelujah to Infinite Love; We will sing hallelujah forever, evermore, In the home of the spirit above.

HYMN 519.

How sweet to reflect on the joys that await us, In yon blissful region, the haven of rest! Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet us, And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest! Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded, Our happiness perfect, our mind's sky unclouded, We'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded, And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

While legions angelic, with harps tuned celestial, Harmoniously join in the Concert of praise, The saints, as they come from the regions terrestrial, In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise. Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven, Our souls will respond, To Immanuel be given, All glory, all honor, all might and dominion, Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love!

Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory, Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above, And join your full choir in rehearsing the story, Salvation from sorrow through ransoning love! Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation, Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation, Reserved for mankind in the Eden of Love!





Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying, Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure; Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure,

HYMN 521.

Author of holiness! Light of salvation!
Thou art our father's God—thou art our Stay!
Bringing our grateful hearts, in adoration,
Here we will praise thee, and here we will pray.

Thou hast conferred on us mercy and blessing,— Fraise to thy hallow'd name, Father of love! May we all feel in heart, thy grace possessing. Joy and the light of thy kingdom above.



VERSES 2, 3.

Come, freely come, by sin opprest, Unburthen here the weighty load: Here find thy refuge and thy rest, Safe on the bosom of thy God.

Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!

Be him thy hope, thy loving Lord!

Be him thy joy! his holy light

Thy fearful gloom will chase away! And smiling peace, a seraph bright,

Will bless thee in thy pilgrim way. Then journey on in faith and love, To brighter scenes in worlds above !

HYMN 523.

When gathering clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On him I lean, who not in vain, A man of griefs, felt every pain: He knows my pangs, he sees my feats, And gently wipes away my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray, From his dear love and wisdom's way, To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the ill I should not do;

He who once felt temptation's power Shall guard me in the trying hour.





Now I behold my Priest and King, With grateful admiration, His ways, his works, his name I'll sing I sail through seas of glory bright,-In flaming adoration-His everlasting glories shine. Diffusing light and joy divine. While all upon that happy shore, Shall reign with him forevermore, O sound his praise, ye heavenly choir, His glories set the soul on fire!

Thro' boundless fields of endless light, My mind is left to ponder, O glorious seas of wonder! The holy saints his love proclaim, Angelic notes in highest strains, And loud hosannas to his name, Are ringing o'er the blissful plains. O sound his praise, ye heavenly choir, His glories set the soul on fire.



HVMN 526.

This world and its glory, and all we hold dear, Though shining in beauty, must soon disappear; A moment they glitter, then fade to the eye, Like meteors of night that dash over the sky.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's nothing that fades in the home of the soul!

Though pleasure's rich cluster may temptingly glow, In the frost of the grave no flowers shall grow; And homes that we loved, deserted become, And fond ones we cherish, shall sleep in the tomb. Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

No parting is known in the home of the soul!

Then give me a home far away in the skies, Where hope never withers, where love never dies! The home of the Christian, where pilgrims are blest, And th' exiles of earth shall be ever at rest.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
The bosom of God is THE HOME OF THE SOUL!



Exult, for the day-star from heaven is shining;
The reign of delusion is over and gone;
Love, peace, joy and hope are their tendrils entwining.
And justice and mercy combining in one.
Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair,—
The night has been long—but the morning is fair.

No more shall the wanderer, groping in error, His vision beclouded in darkness and night, View life in despair, and the future with terror,— The beams of salvation have burst on the sight! Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair— The night has been long—but the morning is fair.

Rejoice! for the earth is resuming her splendor,

The flowers of Eden are blooming anew;
The tyrant of darkness his throne shall surrender,
And freedom revisit the Gentile and Jew.
Awake, then, from sorrow-arise from despair—
The night has been long—but the morning is fair. L. C. 1



VERSES 2, 3.

O is it not written, Believe and live !-

The heart, by bright hopes allured,
Shail find the comfort these words can give,
And be by its faith assured.
Then why should we fear the cold world's frown,

Then why should we fear the cold world's frown When truth to the heart has given,

The light of religion to guide us on, In joy to the paths of heaven!

There is, there is, in thy holy word,
Thy word which can ne'er depart,
There is a promise of mercy stored
For them who are lowly of heart.
"My yoke is easy, my burden light—
O come unto me for rest !!"

This, this is the promise of mercy stored, For the wounded and weary breast.

HYMN 529.

How sweet to the soul is the still small voice We hear from the throne above!

It bids us in faith and hope rejoice
In God and his boundless love!
Though bowed by the weight of earthly woe,
It bids us be strong in him;

And upward we look, and behold the bow Of promise, which ne'er is dim.

Though darkness may brood around awhile, And shadow our way in gloom, The light of his truth ere long will smile,

And joy in our pathway bloom.

Then let us attend the still small voice

Which speaks from the throne above!

And ever confiding in God, rejoice

In him and his boundless love!



HYMN 530.

We come-and here, as one in heart, O Lord! we bow before thee! Thy holy grace and truth impart, And here unveil thy glory. Thy constant care, in ceaseless love, Our faithful Friend displays thee; And we will join with hosts above, In songs of joy to praise thee.

With tokens of thy might and skill, Creation round is glowing; And streams of blessing and good-will

Through nature wide are flowing-But in thy word our faith beholds, Thy most endearing favor;

For there the light of truth unfolds The blessing of a Saviour.

O may thy loving-kindness draw All people to adore thee;

And may we ever love thy law. And walk redeemed before thee.

And when the hand of death shall come, So may they feel a heaven below, The ties of earth to sever,

May we, in our celestial home, Enjoy thy love forever.

HYMN 531.

Eternal God of truth above! Bless thou the promise spoken;

And never may these bonds of love

By aught of ill be broken. O ever may these plighted hearts,

Thy holy grace possessing, Enjoy the bliss thy peace imparts.

In everlasting blessing. In light and shadow, weal and woe,

In action and emotion, Be ever theirs the joy to know Of never-changed devotion.

O may remembrance of this hour, Inspire a charm for ever,

Whose kindling glow and holy power Shall be forgotten never.

In thee, O Lord, be theirs to find Their light, and joy, and glory; And loving thee with heart and mind, In wisdom walk before thee.

With thee in pure communion, And be at last received to know

The joys of endless union.



ho - ly, Hosts of re - deemed are shouting holy, holy, Lord God Al - migh - ty

We in rejoicing join the thrilling chorus, Blending our voices with the holy anthem, Shouting forever to his praise and glory. O halelujah!

Nor life nor death from his rich tove can sever,— His by creation—his in free redemption; Join in his praises, shouting holy, holy,

Lord God Almighty !

When we behold him on his throne of glory, Blessing each nation, kindred, tongue and people, We will adore him, shouting in our triumph, O hallelujali!

HYMN 533.

High o'er the heaven of heavens I saw, and trembled, O God of gods, thy robes of sacred splendor!

Thunders cherubic shouting, Holy! holy!

Lord God Almighty!

Lord God Almighty!

Drop down, ye heavens, and pour a flood of glory; Ye shades of death, the dawn of life approaches; Mortals shall learn the music of thy thunders, Infinite Goodness!

Rise from the dust, arrayed in godlike beauty,
O Solyma! immortal joys await thee:
See thy lost race, burst from their chains of darkness,
Crowned with salvation.

Shout, ye loud winds, the universal triumph; Sing to the world, thy God, thy God descendeth, Lifts his high hand, and swears, I live for ever, Live, thy Redeemer!

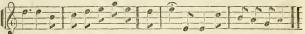


- Lo, down, down in yon beauti ful valley, Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
 This lone vale is far from contention, Where no soul may dream of dissension,—
- 3. Ye lone sons of mis fortune come hither, Where joys bloom and never shall-wither;-



The lone soul, in humble subjection, May there find un · shaken protection,—The

The lone soul, in humble subjection, May there find un shaken protection,—The Lo, there, there the Lord will de live, And souls drink of the beautiful river, Which O here, here sur rounded with glory, O Lord, we will worship before thee, And



soft gales of cheering reflection, May soothe the mind from sorrow and pain. flows peace for e-ver and ever, And love and joy for e-ever increase chaning re-demption's glad story, We'll laud the love of God and the Lamb!

HYMN 535. Pilgrim, p. 192.

'Mid sickness and sorrow, how sweet to our hearts, Is the hope that the gospel of Jesus imparts! Which tells us that here, though through troubles we roam, There's pleasure unmingled, in Heaven, our home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

How pants my rapt spirit, in prospect of home.

An exile from thence, this world dazzles in vain; Its splendours are baubles—its pleasures are pain; And when o'er my feelings drear sadness doth come, With ardor I long for my heavenly home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! How longs my sad soul for my glorious home!

Then open thy portals, thou dark, gloomy grave, And let me to earth render back what she gave; While my soul, from the bondage of death and the tomb, Escapes, bright and pure, to its sorrowless home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

O, when shall I gain thee, my heavenly home?

O when, in thy presence, thou all-righteous One, Shall I dwell in that day of which thou art the Sun, And join thy creation, 'neath Heaven's high dome, To praise thee in thine and their own happy home? Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

O, when shall my spirit soar up to its home? D. J. M. 17*



HYMN 536.

Earth and time are darkly smitten With sad decay;

And on all things bright is written, "Passing away!"

While in scenes of bliss delighting, On the brightest, most inviting, Still the hand of death is writing, "Passing away!"

But the sighs of gloom and sadness, Shall flee away;

For a world there is of gladness,
Free from decay.
He who made us will deliver,
And will crown us all for ever,
With the blissful joys that never
Can flee away.

HYMN 537.

There's a friend above all others;

O how he loves! His is love beyond a brother's;

O how he loves!

Earthly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, the next bereave us; But this friend will ne'er deceive us; O how he loves!

He of all is Lord and Saviour,-

We enjoy his precious favor,-

O how he loves!

Best of blessings he'll provide us,—
Aught of ill shall not betide us,—
Safe to glory he will guide us—

O how he loves!



Though in distant lands we sigh, Parched beneath a burning sky; Though the deep between us rolls, Friendship shall unite our souls, And in fancy's bright domain, Oft may we all meet again!

When the dreams of life are fled— When its wasted lamps are dead— When in cold oblivion's shade, Beauty, fame, and power are laid,— Where immortal spirits reign, There we all shall meet again!

HYMN 539.

Now from labor and from care, Evening shades have set us free; In the work of praise and prayer, Lord, we would commune with thee; O behold us from above,— Fill us with a Saviour's love!

Lord, we here thy mercy know,— May we in thy truth rejoice; Nought can charm us here below, But the music of thy voice; Thou hast made our cup run o'er— Prajse be thine for evennore! For the blessings of this day— For the mercies of this hour— For the gespel's cheering ray— For the Spirit's quickening power— Grateful hearts to thee we raise,— O accept our hymns of praise!

HYMN 540.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee; Let the ever-precious blood, Symbol of the saving flood, Be of sin the double cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,— Should my zeal no languor know— This for sin could not atone: Thou must save, and thou alone. In my hand no price I bring— Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath— When mine eyelids close in death— When I rise to worlds above, And behold thy gracious love— Rock of Ages cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee.



HYMN 541.

How lovely the place where the Saviour appears, To those who believe in his word; His presence disperses their sorrows and fears. And bids them rejoice in the Lord.

A day in thy courts, than a thousand beside, Is better and lovelier far!

My soul hates the tents where the wicked abide, And all their delights I abhor.

O give me a place with the humblest of saints. For low at thy feet I would lie; I know thou regardest my feeble complaints, And ever to help me art nigh.

In all my endeavours, confiding in thee, Pour out thy abundance of love! From folly's enchantments, O aid me to flee, To set my affections above.

HVMN 542.

O God of salvation, in mercy attend The voice of contrition and wee;
And while we before thee in penitence bend, Thy pardon and favor bestow.

We trust in thy mercy and hope in thy grace—O may we still seek thee in prayer With heirs of thy promise, O give us a place, And grant us thy presence to share

Thy children are we, but unworthy we are—Forgetful of mercies received;
From paths of thy wisdom we've wandered afar, And often thy spirit have grieved.

O grant us repentance for every misdeed, And help us our ways to amend; With the grace of thy spirit supply us in need, And ever from evil defend.

HYMN 543.

O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call!

My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My Hcpe, my Salvation, my All!

Where dost thou, O Saviour, resort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love? O why in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in the wilderness rove?

O why should I wander an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

Dear Shepherd, I hear and will follow thy call, I know the sweet sound of thy voice; Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,—In thee I will ever rejoice.



From Spiritual Songs, p. 190, by permission.

O ye saints, sing praises,— Call his love to mind, For a moment angry, But forever kind. Grief may, like a pilgrim, Through the night sojourn, Yet shall joy to-morrow, With the sun return.

HYMN 545. Lord of life and glory,

Infinite in power,
Standing now before thee,
Humbly we adore.
Angels shout thy praises
Through the realms above,—
While each song that rises,
Tells that God is Love.
Author of creation,

Author of creation,
When thy work was done,
Shouts of exultation
Echoed round thy throne,
Morning stars were ringing
Through the vault above,
Sons of God were singing
Of thy power and love.

Author of salvation,
When our sinful race,
Sunk in desolation,
Fell in death's embrace,—
Then in boundless favor,
From the realms above,
Came a blessed Saviour,
With redeeming love.

HYMN 546.

God of our Salvation,
Unto thee we pray;
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay.
Humbly we adore thee,
Call thy grace to mind;
Here unveil thy glory—
May we blessing find.

He that dwelleth near thee, Safely shall abide; Evermore revere thee, In thy love confide. Grant us this rich blessing, Humbly we implore; Thine be thanks unceasing, Now, and evermore.



VERSES 2, 3, 4,

Thy love I can never deserve, That bids me rely upon thee; My Saviour and King I will serve, Whose favour is heaven to me.

How can I thy goodness repay, How can I my gratitude show ! O scatter the darkness away, And cause me my duty to know.

On earth, as in mansions above, Thou only our longings can fill; My soul shall rejoice in thy love, And strive to conform to thy will.

HYMN 548.

My gracious Redeemer I love-His praises aloud I'll proclaim, And join with the angels above To chant his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine, Shall be my eternal employ; To see them incessantly shine, My boundless, ineffable joy.

In meekness and mercy of mind, He came not the world to condemn, But loving the race of mankind, He labored and suffered for them.

Triumphant he rose from the grave, To reign in his glory above; And willing and mighty to save, He conquers by mercy and love.

In him I will ever rejoice, For ever his glory I see; His truth is the lot of my choice-

His mercy my portion shall be.

HYMN 549.

O come, let us sing to the Lord, In God our Salvation rejoice: In psalms of thanksgiving, record His praise with one spirit and voice.

Jehovah is King, and he reigns, The God of all gods on his throne; The strength of the hills he maintains, The ends of the earth are his own.

O come let us worship and kneel. Before our Creator and God, The people who serve him with zeal,

The sheep who his pastures have trod. To him let us hearken to-day, The voice that yet speaks from above; And all his commandments obev. For they are the statutes of love.

HYMN 550.

I long to behold him arrayed With glory and light from above-The King in his beauty displayed, The beauty of holiest love.

I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his abode; O when shall I upward repair, To dwell with my Father and God!

By mercy redeemed I shall stand On Zion in blessing divine: And view in that heavenly land, His glory ineffable shine.

O Saviour, I long to be there, Thy face in the spirit to see! The bliss of thy presence to share, And find all my heaven in thee!



Whose love is as great as his power, And neither knows measure nor end.



			- 1			-					~	-					
W	e'll	praise	him	for	all	that	is	past,	And	trust	him	for	all	that's	to	come.	
á	9	0	0	0	0	0	0			100	0	. 15	18	1 9	0		LI.
. 1				1						-	-	_6	-		-		ш
			100	100	P	-	0				-	0	0			البراغا	EE
								1									1 5
					-												

HYMN 552.

Away with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall recover our bome; The city of saints shall appear, The day of eternity come. From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native abode, The house of our Father above,

The palace of angels and God.

By faith we already behold
The lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Innuoveably founded in grace,

She stands, as she ever hath stood, And brightly her Builder displays, And flames with the glory of God.

No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Christ doth his brightness display, The ocean shall join the loud voice—
A pure and a permanent light;
The woods in rich verdure be clad.

The Lamb is their light and their sun;
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
Rejoice, for the Lord is at hand;
Prepare, for his judgments are
Before him all nations shall stan

and bright in effulgence divine!

HYMN 553.

O sing to the Lord a new song; The universe join in the strain; Each day the glad tribute prolong— His wonders, his glory maintain. With gratitude bless the kind power From whom our salvation descends; How great is the God we adore! How rich are the blessings he sends!

In beauty of holiness bow;
O worship with fear and with love;
How solemn his temples below!
How glorious his presence above!
Proclaim to the nations around
That God, the Omnipotent, reigns,
Whose love knows nor limit nor bound,
Whose purpose unaltered remains.

O let the wide heavens rejoice— The earth with her myriads be glad; The ocean shall join the loud voice— The woods in rich verdure be clad. Rejoice, for the Lord is at hand; Prepare, for his judgments are nigh;— Before him all nations shall stand; No guilt from his justice can fly



HYMN 554.

How precious when first I believed, Did Jesus my Saviour appear, When him as my Lord I received, To me above all he was dear.

All glory, dominion and praise,
To him who hath loved us be given,
By all who on earth feel his grace,

By all who on earth feel his grace,
By all who behold him in heaven.

With joy when my cup runneth o'er,
When smiles this vain world upon me,
My soul is transported still more,
My precious Redeemer to see.
Dominion and glovy and might

Dominion, and glory, and might, For ever, and ever be paid, To Jesus our joy and delight, In robes of salvation arrayed. How precious in sickness and pain, Is Jesus, Physician divine,

Whose grace then my soul doth sustain,
When all earthly comforts decline.

Salvation ascribe to the Lamb,

Who saved us from death and from sin, Whose blood is the life-giving balm, That heals all the sickness within.

Thro' death's gloomy vale when I tread, And when the grave's terrors appear, No danger or evil I'll dread,

For Jesus, my Lord, will be there:

His praises for ever we'll sing

Who's willing and mighty to save, Who took from the monster his sting, And spoiled of its terror the grave.



And though on love's altar the flame that is glowing
Be brighter, still friendship's is steadier far;
One wavers and turns with each breeze that is blowing,
And is but a meteor—the other's a star.
In youth love's light burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past;
While friendship's pure flame burns ever the same,
Or glows but the brighter, the nearer its last.

But though friendship may waver, and love's deep affection Be cooled by the hand of time, here on the earth, There's friendship in Heaven, and love, whose connexion Is changeless and constant, ne'er knowing a dearth; Though friendship smiles, and love begulies

The dark wearisomeness of life's dreariest day,
They both are but mortal, and close at death's portal,
But Heaven's affection lives ever and aye.

The darkest ingratitude never can wound it; It burns but the brighter, the deeper the guilt; As ocean's depth fathomless, who can e'er sound it? And our structure of hope on its basis is built. Though fortune frown, and friends disown, And all human affections grow cool, and depart, The friendship which Heaven to mortals hath given, For ever survives, to enliven the heart.



O ever may we cherish, This joy-enkindling ray, Though other hopes may perish, And other joy-decay. A world of light unclouded, By Christian hope is shown, A world by gloom unshrouded, Where sorrow is unknown. In light and blessing glorious, Of holiness possessed, There, over death victorious, The weary soul shall rest.



HYMN 553.

O, who shall see the glorious day, When, throned on Zion's brow,

The Lord shall rend the veil away That hides the nations now!

When earth no more beneath the fear Of his rebuke shall lie,

When pain shall cease, and every tear Be wiped from every eye!

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn Beneath the heathen's chain;

Thy days of splendor shall return,

And all be new again.

The fount of life shall then be quaffed In peace by all who come; And every wind that blows, shall waft

Some long-lost wand'rer home.







HYMN 559.

When the news of free salvation,
Was announced to sinful man,
Angels sang with exultation,—
Shepherds joined in acclamation,
Of the Lord's redeeming plan.

Not o'er fields of battle gory, Rang the chorus of the sky; Not of war had been the story, But of peace! the anthem, Glory— Glory be to God on high!

Hail! Messiah, gift of heaven! Welcome to the darkened earth; Clouds of gloom by thee are riven, And the light of life is given, In thy ever-welcome birth.

Reign in all thy mercy o'er us, And our ev'ry need supply; Till we sing, o'er death victorious, In thy holy image glorious, Glory be to God on high.

HYMN 560.

In the morning of creation,
Morning stars together sang;
And with notes of admiration,
And the voice of adoration,
Heaven's eternal arches rang.

When the angel-host descended To announce a Saviour's birth, Morning stars their chorus blended, With the anthem which attended News of peace to darkened earth.

Life to light our Saviour bringing,
When death's realm he rose to mar,
Heaven's high arch with joy was ringing.
And the sons of God with singing,
Hailed the Bright and Morning Star.

When mankind, in endless blessing, At his feet shall humbly fall, Angel-hosts, their joy expressing, Shall unite with men, confessing, God in Christ is all in all!



And may love's unchanged com - mu - nion, Be with them where'er they go.

Blessed of love and thee for - e - ver, They are thine, and only thine!

HYMN 562. Scotland, p. 174.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish—We fly to our Maker! —"Save, Lord! or we perish!" Oh, Saviour! once tossed on the breast of the billow, Aroused by the shrick of despair from thy pillow, Now, reigning in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries in his danger——"Save, Lord! or we perish!" And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,—When sin in the heart its will warfare is waging, Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,—Rebuke the destroyer——"Save, Lord! or we perish!" 18*



HYMN 503

Than to fall at his feet.

And the story repeat, And the lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long.

Was my joy and my song;

O that all his salvation might see: He hath loved me, I cried,

He hath suffer'd and died

To redeem such a rebel as me.

In a chariot of fire,

And the world it was under my feet.

O! the rapturous height

Of that holy delight, Which I felt in the life-giving blood!

Of my Saviour possest, I was perfectly blest,

And was filled with the fulness of God.

HYMN 564.

[Suitable for either of the tunes on pp. 160-165.] Sweet, sweet is the cordial which friendship distils

For the heart that is stricken with sorrows and ills; But sweeter, far sweeter, the balm which flows free

For the bosom that trusteth, O Saviour! in thee. Dear, dear are the tokens which love leaves behind,

When brightness and beauty to death are resigned; But dearer, far dearer than such can e'er be,

Is thy smile to the spirit that trusteth in thee. D. J. M.

HYMN 565. Gratitude, p. 90.

I've searched the sacred volume thro'. Its truth divine to learn ; And oh, enrapturing to my view, What glories I discern !

Farewell to doubting, fears and pains, Those tyrants of the mind!

They can no longer bind.

I'll trust the promise of thy word, Till that triumphant hour, When every creature shall be heard Ascribing praise and power;

When all the ransomed, happy throng, To praise the great I AM. Shall join their voices in the song Of Moses and the Lamb.

Then let its persecuting foes This precious faith revile; Securely still will I repose In my Redeemer's smile.

My weary soul in peace shall rest On this transporting theme; For all our kindred shall be blest With life and joy supreme.

I'll trust the promise of thy word, Till that triumphant hour, etc. L.C.B.

HYMN 566. Dempster, p. 207.

My soul has often stretch'd its wings O'er nature's varied frame,

And search'd the rich tho' hidden springs. Here in their weary pilgrimage, Whence all her bounties came;

But still, whene'er its home it sought, Like Noah's restless dove, One truth from every scene it brought, The truth, that God is love.

And if on life's eventful maze, The fitful glance I throw, Which calls to mind my former days, With all their weal or woe:

Though here the cloud may darkly lead, I sing the wisdom that ordained And there the fire may move, Inscribed on each I still can read The truth, that God is love.

But when, from this poor dust relieved, Lord, how thy wonders are displayed, I tread the courts divine, And, to my Father's house received,

On Jesus' breast recline;

My soul in that ecstatic hour, Shall higher transports prove, And taste, in all its bliss and power. The truth, that God is love.

HYMN 567. Cuthbert, p. 76.

I love awhile to steal away From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day. In humble, grateful prayer;

I love to think on mercies past. And future good implore, The truth has burst their galling chains, And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I adore.

> I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven; And feel that they my strength renew, While here by tempests driven:

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er. May its departing ray Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day.

HYMN 568. Thorning, p. 74.

The glorious universe around. The heavens with all their train, Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound In one mysterious chain.

God in creation thus displays His wisdom and his might;

While all his works with all his ways. In harmony unite. In one fraternal bond of love,

One fellowship of mind, The saints below, and saints above, Their bliss and glory find.

The Saviour is their song: There, through one bright eternal age, His praises they prolong.

HYMN 569. Willis, p. 77.

I sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise, That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies!

The sun to rule the day : The moon shines full at his command,

And all the stars obey.

Where'er I turn mine eye! If I survey the ground I tread,

Or gaze upon the sky! In every plant and flower below, Thy glory is made known;

And clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from thy throne.





HYMN 570.

Praise ye the Lord! be our employ To laud his name in hymns of joy. Unerring skill his works disclose; Unbounded might creation shows; And skill and might, beneath, above, Display the wonders of his love.

Praise ye the Lord! his saving grace Conferred on all our sinful race, The erring world shall yet restore To light and life for evermore,— And heaven's high dome of bliss above, Resound the triumphs of his love.

Praise ye the Lord! be ours to know The blessings from his grace that flow In all our ways, regarding Him Whose holy light is never dim, Our hearts may feel begun in this, The joys of His high world of bliss.

HYMN 571.

Behold our Lord, who, slain of men, In life renewed comes forth again! His foes in vain their power display; His God was mightier far than they; And now in light ascended far, He shines, the Bright and Morning Star.

He reigns in love, and on our race Bestows his free and boundless grace; Nor will he rest till sin shall cease, And all shall hail him Prince of Peace! Then shall mankind his name extol, And God in Christ be all in all.

HYMN 572.

O Lord our God, whose holy light Reveals the wonders of thy might! The eye of faith thy love surveys, In all thy works and all thy ways. In every scene thy glories shine, And wide display thy power divine.

The golden sun, undimmed by time Proclaims thy hand in every clime. Tho' darkness veil the glowing sky, His beams for ever shine on high, And shadow forth, in radiance bright, The goodness of the God of Light.

The gentle rains which clouds distil, A symbol of thy gracious will, In every age, in every land, Obedient to thy wise command, Reveal this truth from heaven above, The Lord of might is God of Love.

Thro' nature wide thy glorius shine, Unveiling light and love divine; And in thy word our faith beholds The blessings which thy grace unfolds. To warm and guide our every heart. Thy love and light, O Lord, impart.

HYMN 573.

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends thy word: [shore, Thy praise shall sound from shore to Till suns shall rise to set no more.

HYMN 574. Utica, p. 204.

Dear Savionr, we meet in thy name,
Thy life-giving presence impart,
Thy wisdom and mercy proclaim,
And graciously visit each heart.
Be present to teach us to pray.

Be present to teach us to pray,
And sing of thy goodness and love;
To join in thy worship below,
With those who adore thee above.

Here may the poor sinner receive
Some message of mercy and peace;
Repent, and obey, and believe,
And joy in thy wonderful grace.
To comfort the mourner appear,

To bind up the broken in heart, The weary and contrite to cheer, And bid them in blessing depart.

O Lord, whilst we suffer below, And trials and conflicts endure, All needful assistance bestow, And help us the crown to secure.

O may we, when summon'd away, The messenger hail as a friend; And leaving our houses of clay, To mansions of glory ascend.

HYMN 575. Thayer, p. 130.

Hark! the song of JUBILEE, Lond as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore! Hallelujah to the Lord! God omnipotent shall reign; Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main,

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound, Heard thro' earth, and thro' the skies, Wakes above, beneath, around, All creation's harmonies!

See Jehovah's banner furled, [done! Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'tis And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens are passed away!
Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 576. Fuller, p. 195.

If clouds arise, and storms appear,
If friends and all forsake me,—
There's One my aching heart to cheer
And to his bosom take me.
Blest Saviour! let it be my lot

Blest Saviour! let it be my lot, In all my round of being, To know thy friendship alters not, Tho' other friends are fleeing.

O be it thine to guide my soul, O'er life's dark, stormy ocean, And naught I'll fear, the billows roll, Nor dread the wild commotion.

Thy love shall be my polar light, Whatever may betide me; For, 'mid the storm and dreary night, its blaze shall shine to guide me.

HYMN 577. Fuller, p. 195.

Tho' travelling thro' a wilderness, Where duty's call divides us,— Tho' many a wintry storm distress, The star of hope shall guide us.

And this shall cheer the lonely way, And gild the gloom of sorrow; And, thro' the shades of parting day, Reveal a brighter morrow.

E'en should this star be clouded here, And should we meet—ah! never, The transient joys of life to share,— "Twill not be dimmed for ever.

No! we shall meet, the parted here, To part again,—oh, never! But with our blessed Saviour there, To live in joy for ever.

HYMN 578. Missionary, p. 146.

God is my strong salvation;
What foe have 1 to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,

Though hosts encamp around me Firm to the fight I stand; What terror can confound me, With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen;

His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

INDEX OF TUNES.

Adams, 8. 7 Page 110	E. Kingston, 8. 7. P. 190	Malden, L. M. Page 44
Alfreton, L. M 32	Eaton, L. M. 6l 50	Mariner, H. M 142
Amsterdam, 7. 6 148	Eden of Love, 12. 11. 186	Mary-Ann, 11s *160
Antigua, L. M 40	Edgarton, 11s *162	Melody, C. M 60
Arlington, C. M 56	Edyfield, 7s 132	Meredith, 6s 152
Arnheim, L. M 36	Effingham, L. M 32	Messiah, 11. 10 172
Ashton, 8.7 114	Entreaty, 8. 7 124	Methuen, L. M 14
Austin, 8. 7	Evangelist, 11. 10 *184	Missionary, 7. 6 146
		Monmouth, L. M 20
Balch, 7s*130	Fuller, 8. 7. P *195	Montgomery, 7s 134
Bannockburn, 7. 5 *182		Moore, 8. 7 116
Barby, C. M 68	Gallagher, 8. 7 114	Mornington, S. M 109
Bartimeus, 8. 7 122	Ganges, C. P. M 92	Morse, 10, 11, 185
Bath Abbey, 8. 7 122	Geneva, C. M 70	Mt. Pleasant, C. M 82
Bazin, 6. 4. 8 * 182	Germany, L. M 32	Muhlenberg, 11s 166
Benevento, 7s 125	Gihon, 8. 7 116	Murray, 9. 5. 8 *179
Benneville, 11, 10 *178	Gospel Banner, 7.6 180	
Blendon, L. M 36	Gratitude, C. M 90	Morrosont I D M 50
Bradley, S. M 104	Green, L. M 36	Newcourt, L. P. M 59
Brattle Street, C. M 54	Greenville, 8. 7 112	New Gabriel, C. M 86
Brewer, L. M 14	Greenwood, C. M * 74	Newry, L. M 34
Bridgewater, L. M 38	Grosh, C. M 58	Northfield, C. M 62
Bristol, C. M 70	010311, 0.111	
Broughton, C. P. M 94	Hancock, S. M 106	Old Hundred, L. M 20
Browne, 10s *168	Happy Valley, 9. 8*197	Olmutz, S. M 106
Burden, L. M. 61*173	Hartland, 7s 132	Palestine, L. M. 61 189
Calmann 2 = 110	Hastings, 6, 5, 201	Paradise, C. M 66
Calvary, 8. 7 118	Hebron, L. M 22	Paris, L. M 30
Cambridge, C. M 81	Hermit, 13. 11 190	Peckham, S. M 98
Canaan, C. M 84	Hinton, 11s 166	Pentonville, S. M 102
Chapel Street, L. M 34	Home, L. M 30	Perry, 8, 7,*112
Cheshunt, 10. 11 158	Howell, &s	Peterborough, C.M. 56
China, C. M 68		Pilgrim, 11s*199
Chr'n Warrior, C. M. 86	Ilford, L. M 212	Pilton, 7s 139
Cincinnati, H. M 135	Immortality, 11. 10 175	Pisgah, C. M 80
Clifford, C. M 78	Italy, 6. 4 144	Pleyel, L. M 18
Coleshill, C. M 68	Jordan, C. M 62	
Comforter, 11. 10 188		Pleyel, 7s 128
Convert, 6. 9 210	Keim, 6. 7. 4*171	Portsmouth, H. M 136
Cornelia, C. M * 80	Kenrick, 11. 5 196	Portugal, L. M 16
Coronation, C. M 65	King, 6. 8. 6. 7*181	Portuguese Hy, 5. 6 156
Craftsbury, L. M 18	Kinney, 11s*165	
Creation, L. M 46	Knaresboro', C. M 84	Quincy, 11s 164
Cuthbert, C. M* 76	Knight, 7. 6	Quito, L. M 40
		Quito, 7s 128
Dallett, 6. 4*144	Lanesboro', C. M 66	
Dalston, S. P. M 108	Lanesboro', 8. 6 151	Rapture, C. P. M 92
Darwell, H. M 138	Lenox, H. M 138	Refuge, L. M 26
Dempster, C. M *207	Leoni, 6. 8. 4 146	Restitution, 11s 169
Derby, L. M 44	Lisbon, S. M 104	Richards, C. M 60
Devizes, C. M 72	Lonsdale, S. M 98	Rindge, C. M 82
Devotion, L. M 28	Loving-kindness, L.M. 29	Rochester, C. M 50
Dover, S. M 102	Ludlow, 8s 202	Rogers, 11.8*200
Dubosq, 10. 7 *194	Luton, L. M 34	Romaine, 7. 6 150
Duke Street, L. M 14	Lyons, 10, 11, 158	Rufus, 9. 6 *170
Dane Bucci, L. M 14	1 11,0115, 10. 11 100	1 mulus, 5. 0

Salvation, 6.5.4.7. P. *177	Stockwell, 5. 6 P. 156	Warsaw, H. M P. 142
Saturday Night, L.M. 48	Streeter, 8. 7. 7 120	Watchman, S. M 96
Saturday Night, 7s 126.	St. Thomas, S. M 96	Wells, L. M 42
Savannah, 10s 154		Westbrook, L. M 24
Scotland, 12s 174	Tamworth, 8. 7 118	Weymouth, H. M 140
Sebastian, C. M 72	Thanksgiving, 12.11. *193	Williams, 7s *199
Shiloh, L. M 38	Thayer, 7s*130	Williamstown, 10s 154
Shirland, S. M 96	Thomas, 11s*161	Willis, C. M * 77
Shoel, L. M 16	Thorning, C. M * 74	Winchester, 6s *152
Sicilian, 8. 7 110	Townsend, 13.11.8.6. *205	Windham, L. M 22
Silver Street, S. M 100	Truro, L. M 42	Winslow, S. M 100
Simmons, C. M 64	11010, 11. 11 42	Woodbury, 13. 9 187
	Y74: 04 004	
Somerville, C. P. M 94	Utica, 8s 204	Woodstock, C. M 60
Sophronia, L. M 191	Victory, L. M*176	Worship, S. P. M 108
Sterling, L. M 13		
Stewart, 8. 7. 8. 8. 7 208	Wales, 8.4 198	
St. Martin's, C. M 88	Ward, L. M 22	* Music arranged and adapted
St. Michael's, 10. 11 158	Wareham, C. M 88	expressly for this work.
	,	

∏ The music syllables most commonly used, are faw, sol, law, M. Ascending octave, ...,aw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, ni, faw. Descending octave, by inversion,—faw, mi, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw. The natural place for M, is in B; but

If B be flat, MI is removed to E,	If F be sharp, mi is removed to F,	,
If B and E be flat, A,	If F and C be sharp, C,	
If B, E, and A be flat, D,	If F, C, and G be sharp. G,	
If B, E, A, and D be flat, G.	If F, C, G, and D be sharp, D.	

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale Are around and above, if thy footing should fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, Look aloft and be firm, and confiding of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe, Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rainbow be swifter to fly, Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret, Look aloft to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart, The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart:

Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,

To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And, oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.







E 1883 17 17 1883 The substitute of the property of the second The Land of the house had 11-12 3 11 11 64 - B - 250 12 13 1 10 13 1 - with the stand was in The water was an area for the THE THE THE WATER THE MY TO

I had former your of a marine in her sold a series and I will have the man in a second want of the state growing the same of The state of the s

